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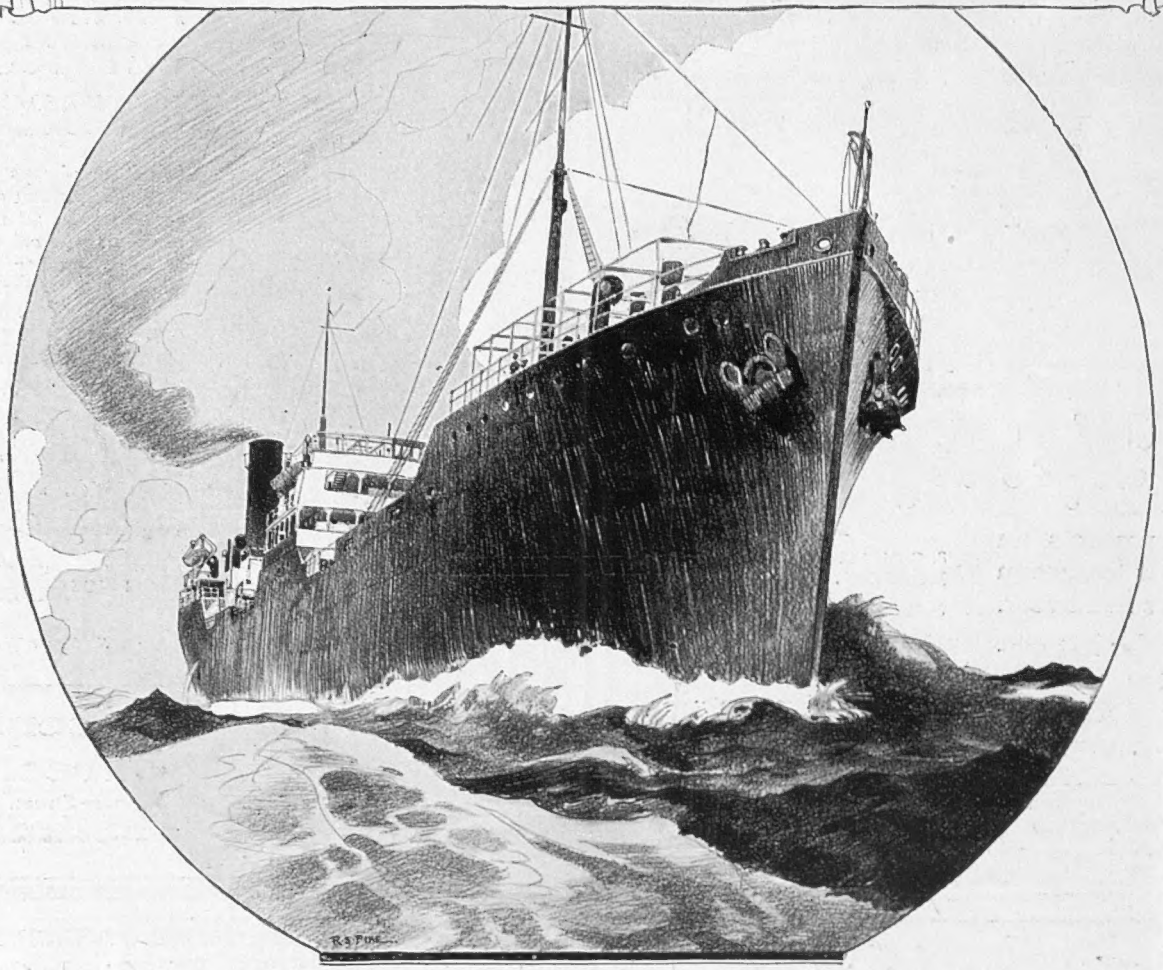

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Patent Walking Shoe, Tan Calf Walking Shoe. Derby cut, straight toe cap, punched, military heel (as sketch). All solid leather. Per pair **20/-**

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Patent, Box Calf, Tan Calf, Black Glacé Kid, Brown Glacé Kid 1-bar buckle walking shoe, square heel, medium toe, straight toe cap, punched (as sketch). All solid leather. Per pair **20/-**

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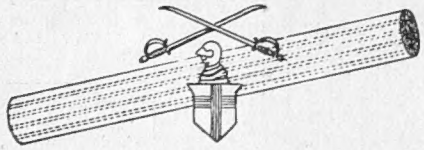

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# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

## Let's Tell the World

THERE is a popular fiction that we English do not know how to bathe in the sea. This is an offshoot of that other fiction which alleges that we take our pleasures sadly, and it is equally—a fiction. We English lead the world, and why shouldn't we tell the world?

## Quite English, You Know

SUPPOSE you go to a fashionable foreign *plage*, what is your first impression? That you never saw such an animated and colourful sight in your life? Quite so, you never did! But don't jump at hasty conclusions. Don't, for instance, say that French girls have got English girls beat at this joyous pastime of sea-bathing. Instead, pick out half a dozen of the prettiest girls in the prettiest costumes and you will find that they are all English — quite English, you know!

## Dull and Drab

THIS being so, why are the English resorts so dull and drab compared with the French resorts? Why cannot Brighton or Bournemouth compare with Deauville or Dieppe? There are two reasons—a little reason and a big reason. You do not find our Bright Young People at the English resorts during August. For one reason or another, they flock to the Normandy or the Brittany coast, thereby adding to the gaiety of another nation than their own. And, of course, they wear French bathing costumes. But this is not the big reason. The real trouble lies with the authorities of our seaside towns—a non-progressive and unimaginative crowd who do nothing to organise sea-bathing on a jolly scale.

## Suiting Your Suit

AFTER all, you must suit your bathing suit to your surroundings. The girl who wore an ordinary Deauville costume at Brighton would find the half-holiday trippers throwing pebbles at her. But if the Brighton Town Council turned their precious Aquarium into a first-class bathing centre, with a band and a fashionable bathing hour, they could beat Deauville at her own game. A better class of visitor would be attracted, and much good English money would be kept on this side of the Channel. After all, 'tis the same Channel, and the water is just as wet at Folkestone as it is at Dieppe.

## The Englishman Abroad

IT is only fair to add that English people are always prepared to let themselves go on the Continent. Think of the colours you see on a foreign golf course and consider whether their wearers would appear in such brilliant plumage—at Walton Heath or Mid-Surrey. They would not Why is Paris such a bad, mad city? Do French people spend sleepless hours painting their capital that vivid cerulean? They do not! Truly the Englishman Abroad is a devil of a fellow.

## The Morals of Montmartre

TALKING of the wickedness of Paris reminds me that Montmartre is to be put into moral stays and to be taught how to be good. Is she grateful? Not a bit! "Shivers of terror swept over the Latin Quarter when it became known that a campaign to clean up Montparnasse is on foot." So I read in a reputable Paris paper, and I can quite understand the feeling. But I am glad that Murger penned his masterpiece before the cleaning-up process began. If the reformation of Montmartre is to cost us another such masterpiece as *La Vie Bohème*, then I am not on the side of the angels—even though they do come from the Middle West, and want to make us be good.

### Gambling in Millions

TALKING of Deauville—we were, you remember—thrilling accounts have reached me during the past few days of the high play at the baccara table. The play, I am told, has been marked by an abundance of big bets, and there have been several millions in evidence. The table was dominated by the head of the Greek gambling syndicate which systematically plays all the Casino towns, and, at one time, it seemed possible that he might retrieve the losses of the final night of last year, when he dropped seven million francs. Some very famous people, financiers, distillers and others, made hurried exits from the table, but the tide turned, and in three successive defeats he lost 297,000, 255,000 and 265,000 francs! Think of that, you reckless punters who throw a louis on the even numbers at Boulogne or Dieppe!

### A Cricket Crusade

ACCORDING to my correspondent, Mr. Solly Joel's yacht, with its wonderful floral decorations, has been one of the sights of Deauville. Mr. Joel has been completing, under the experienced guidance of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, his team for South Africa, and an epoch-making trip is likely to result. Socially, of course, the success of this Cricket Crusade is assured, for it is quite certain that no money or effort will be spared to make it historic in the annals of cricket. I don't know if Mr. Joel has arranged for an official "Eye-Witness" to produce the true and authentic history of the trip. It will be a thousand pities if the various incidents are not preserved in imperishable prose—quite apart from the bare record of the cricket score book. See to it, Mr. Tennyson!

### No Cause for Alarm

NEXT time you are dining at Oddenino's you will be alarmed to see a party of solemn foreign gentlemen looking rather like the rear-guard of our lately departed Soviet visitors. When the lights go down you will be still more alarmed. Somewhere out of the gloom you will hear a faint whisper—a sad moaning sound in a minor key that will swell into the familiar notes of the haunting Volga boat-song. Familiar, yes—but with a new meaning. You will be no longer alarmed. You will sit spell-bound and forget your *Pêche Fraîche Sans-Souce* (I got that from the menu) while these strange Russian singers, the Kedroff Quartette, change you from grave to gay, sad to insouciant, with their wonderful artistry. And when the lights go up, if you don't at once spot the gentleman with a face like the late General Botha as being the *basso profundo*, I'll—well, I'll eat my hat next time I go to "Oddy's." Which, when you consider the excellence of the supper menu, is about the biggest punishment that can be devised.

### The Human Spider

THE spiders are beginning to spin their webs in the garden, and in the streets of London the human spider is lying in wait for the country flies. His methods are very simple. He choses a street "refuge" in the centre of a busy crossing outside one of the big termini. There he stands, leaning idly against the lamp-post, until a dusty and thoroughly-scared country cousin joins him in a terribly hot and bothered state. The human spider, a kindly gent, with a wonderful bed-side manner, is all sympathy, and explains that he, too, nearly lost his life and is afraid to seek the opposite kerb without assistance. The two therefore join forces, and that is the end of the spider and the fly, so far as we are concerned.

### The New Bell

LAST Sunday, I went to Ambleteuse, which is near Wimereux, which, in turn, is near Boulogne, and there I joined in the dedication of the new "cloche." The good people of Ambleteuse are very proud of their new bell, and when they carried it round the village on a decorated wagon it shone magnificently in the sunlight.

### Ten Years Ago

COMING back across the dunes, I recalled that it was exactly ten years since Dudley Hardy left Ambleteuse with the big picture he was painting when war broke out. Arrived at Charing Cross, he gave it to a small boy to carry to the Savage Club while he went off in another direction. But, alas, the Savage Club was closed for summer cleaning, and both the boy and the pictures were lost in London. Whether they were ever found again, I can't say.

### You Can't Be Too Careful

AT a very fashionable restaurant, a diner, having settled with the savoury, called for a wine-glass containing a pure colourless liquid. A fellow diner considered it curiously, and then asked his waiter what the glass contained. The waiter made a surreptitious examination and had to confess himself defeated. Other waiters were called into conference, but none could supply the answer to the riddle, until the diner took a grape and carefully placed it in the glass of water in order to wash away any possible impurities! Possibly this was the doctor who writes to my morning paper suggesting that all fruit eaten by children should be first sterilised by placing it in boiling water for a couple of seconds.

RAMSAY'S RUSSIAN RABBIT! By Blam

Blam's view of the recent governmental prestidigitation

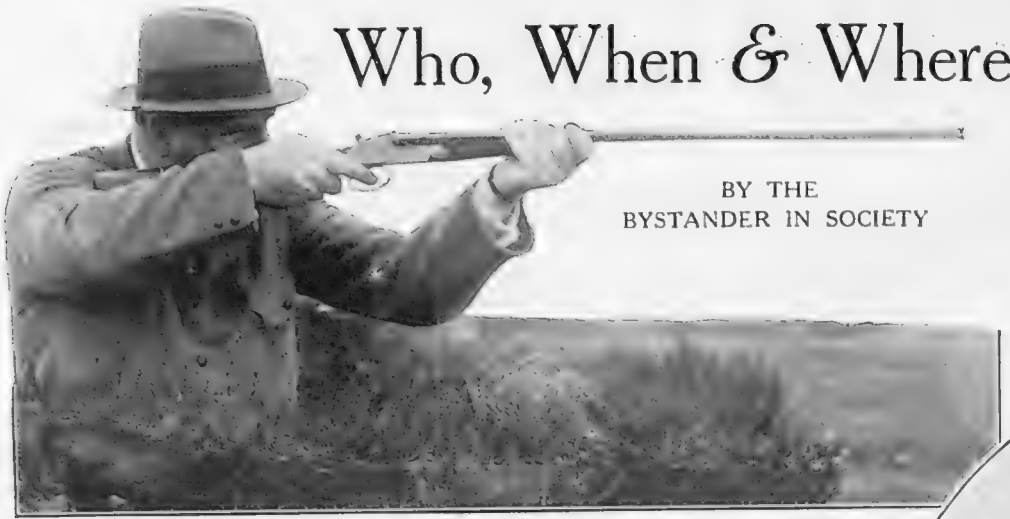
# Drawing the Veil over Unpleasantness

BY E. T. REED

Mr. E. T. Reed's view of Messrs. MacDonald and Ponsonby in some not very creditable circumstances of recent date

# Who, When & Where

BY THE
BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

A WELCOME "SIGHT"

**Once again the grouse is officially at home in the North, and sportsmen have hastened to the moors to accord it a warm welcome. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg is seen out with Lieut.-Col. W. Faber's shoot on Blanchland Moor**

## The Queen's Plans

THE Queen's time at Balmoral will be shorter this year than usual, as the greater part of this month will be occupied with the visit to Goldsborough Hall and the succeeding visits to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, and to Lord and Lady Elphinstone at Carberry Tower near Musselburgh.

Queen Victoria was forty when her first grandchild appeared—the ex-Kaiser. King Edward was fifty when his first grandchild, Princess Arthur of Connaught, was born, and the King was fifty-eight when the first Lascelles baby came upon the scene. When Queen Victoria was fifty she already had twelve grandchildren.

## The Prince's Plans

IT has now been settled that the Prince of Wales leaves this week for a private visit to Long Island on his way to his ranch in Canada. The visit to the ranch also is to be private, the Prince having expressed his wish that there should be no public receptions or celebrations. How long the visit will extend does not appear to have been definitely settled, but the Prince has many autumn engagements, so he will not be able to stay on his Canadian property, which is said to have become quite a profitable investment, for more than a few weeks.

There has been an outbreak of sickness, I hear, amongst the Prince's hunters, which has been causing some anxiety, but the latest report is that the affected animals will all be ready for the opening of the hunting season.

## A Royal Visit to Uganda

THE Duke and Duchess of York, who have been staying with Lord and Lady Stradbroke at Glamis, are to go on a private visit to Kenya and Uganda during the coming winter. It is anticipated that their tour will last about three months, the Royal couple leaving England in November, and returning in February. One of the objects of the tour is big game hunting.

## Stage and Peerage

LADIES who follow the lighter side of theatrical art seem to have a greater matrimonial attraction for members of the Peerage than those who devote their talents to what in stage parlance is called "straight drama." At the present moment I cannot recall a single peeress who has passed beneath the lustre of a coronet from "straight drama." On the other hand, the number of ladies who have stepped into the Peerage from both the higher and the lower ranks of musical comedy would take too long to add up, both for your patience and mine. Perhaps the reason is that youthful peers do not affect "straight drama," and that, consequently, they have no opportunity of becoming enamoured of actresses who do not sing and dance. At any rate, the fact remains that ladies who follow "straight drama" do not wield the fascination over the Peerage enjoyed by their sisters in musical comedy.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

ON THE QUI VIVE

**Lieut-Col. W. Faber ready for the fray in his butt on Blanchland Moor which is in Northumberland, near Shotley Bridge. Colonel Faber entertained a large party for the Twelfth**

*Photograph* *Personality Photo Press*

HERE THEY COME!

**Miss Sheila Allen preparing to let drive for the discomfiture of the birds—or the benefit of the photographer. Scene: Fairlie; The Butts. Time: Latter half of August, 1924**

Miss Joyce Kerr, the daughter of that delightful exponent of peppery old gentlemen, Mr. Frederick Kerr, and herself an actress of high quality, when she marries Lord Talbot de Malahide, will therefore be the only actress in "straight drama" of this generation to become a peeress.

Lord Talbot de Malahide, who succeeded as sixth baron three years ago, traces his descent from one of the ancient princely houses of Ireland, rejoicing in the name of Brefiney. There have been two creations of the Barony of Talbot de Malahide, the first in 1834, in favour of Margaret O'Reilly, the wife of Richard Talbot, with remainder to her male issue; the second in 1856, in favour of her great grandson the fourth Baron. The first was a peerage of Ireland; the second a peerage of the United Kingdom.

Malahide Castle, near Dublin, is said to

be the oldest inhabited fortified place in Ireland. It has some remarkably fine oak panelling. Lord Talbot de Malahide, who is fifty, is Hereditary Lord Admiral of Malahide "and the seas adjoining."

### Exiled and Countryless

THE establishment of relations between England and Soviet Russia has placed many Russians who sought refuge in this country from the persecutions of that Government in a miserable position. Before the establishment of relations, these Russians—as we know, many of them members of the old aristocracy—could obtain passports from the British Foreign Office by declaration or proof of their identity. But now the British Government can no longer issue such passports. They have to be obtained from the Bolshevist representative in London. All these Russian refugees are regarded as "enemies of the Soviet," and even if they can bring themselves to apply for a passport to the representative of a Government which they consider has destroyed their native country, they have little or no chance of obtaining one.

They are "the enemies of the Soviet," they "have fled from their country," and "are no longer recognised as Russian subjects by the Soviet." Therefore, they are absolutely stranded—people without a country. The British Government cannot give, the Soviet Government will not give them passports.

Precisely the same conditions of affairs has existed in Italy since that country recognised the Soviet, and there are unfortunate Russians still in Italy who cannot move across the frontier even for reasons of health or pressing business affairs in other countries on which their livelihood depends. The only solution for these unhappy people, both in England and Italy, is either to acknowledge the Soviet Government or to become naturalised. Otherwise they have no country.

LADY HAMILTON (left), LORD LONSDALE, COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE

### LORD LONSDALE'S OPENING SHOOT

The host and some of the guests who attended the first shoot of the season given by Lord Lonsdale at Crosby Ravensworth Fell, Westmorland

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

*Photographs* *Sport & General*

SIR WILLIAM AND LADY BASS

### Concerning Two Houses——

ONCE upon a time Knightsbridge and Kensington Gore were lined with country villas and houses facing the Park and Kensington Gardens. Gradually these gave place to rows of big houses, and, later, to blocks of flats. Lowther Lodge, now the abode of the Royal Geographical Society, stands on the site of a charming villa once occupied by a dear lady friend of the second Duke of Wellington; and the big block of flats at the top of Palace Gate covers the site of a house built by a former Duke of Beaufort for a lady in whom he was particularly interested.

Of all these old houses only Kingston House, with its eighteenth century conservatory showing over the wall that shuts the house from the roadway, remains.

It was thought that after the death of the late Earl of Listowel it would be sold immediately. There is a large garden at the back, and this, together with the courtyard and the big space covered by the house, represents a very big value as a building site. But Kingston House has been left to the Dowager Countess of Listowel for her lifetime, so the building of flats, which one day must inevitably come there, is postponed.

Kingston House is said to have been lived in by that famous Duchess of Kingston, Elizabeth Chudleigh, who was sentenced by the House of Lords to be branded in the hand for bigamy. She was a Maid-of-Honour, and after a secret marriage with a relation of the Marquis of Bristol married the immensely wealthy Duke of Kingston. Her trial was one of the big scandals of the eighteenth century. She escaped the branding by pleading "privilege of peerage," and retired to the Continent. Before her disgrace she gave wonderful parties, the extravagance of which astounded the town. You will find continual reference to her "goings on" in all the memoirs of the time. She was a startling and unexpected lady of whom we have one or two prototypes—with the bigamy left out—in Society in these days.

*Photograph* *Lafayette*

**THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S HOUSE PARTY**

**The Viceregal party at Dublin for the Horse Show. Our photograph shows, standing: Mr. G. K. Chesterton (left), Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Sir John Lavery, Colonel Grant Morden, Mr. Tim Healy, Mr. J. Doyle and Mr. T. P. Gill; seated, Lady Lavery, Miss Healy, Mrs. Chesterton, Mrs. Morden and Mrs. Sullivan**

*Photograph* *Maull and Fox*

**A FAMILY PORTRAIT FROM HEADFORT HOUSE**

**A new photograph of the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort with their children. Lord William Taylour, the younger son, is standing next to his father, and the Earl of Bective and Lady Millicent Taylour are seated on either side of Lady Headfort. A ball was recently held at Headfort House, the family seat in Co. Meath—the first one for over forty years**

### And a Palace

ANOTHER house of entirely different character and associations whose future is threatened is Fulham Palace, which has been the residence of the Bishops of London for thirteen hundred years. If the diocese of London is divided, as is proposed, the Bishop of London says Fulham Palace will have to go. Dr. Winnington Ingram spends the whole of what is left of his episcopal income of £10,000, after income tax and super-tax have been paid, plus the income from letting London House in St. James's Square, on the upkeep of the Palace which,

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**WATCHING POLO AT CIRENCESTER**

**Mrs. M. J. Kingscote, wife of the Cirencester captain (left), and Captain Pigot-Moodie, the Watermoor House team's No. 2, at the Cirencester Polo Club's 27th Annual Tournament**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**WITH FRIENDLY BIAS**

**Some of the players who took part in a mixed Bowling match at St. Fagans, near Cardiff, in aid of the Cardiff Royal Infirmary. The teams were skippered by Lady Thomas and the Countess of Plymouth. Lady Thomas and her husband, Sir William Thomas, are on the extreme left; the Earl and Countess of Plymouth on the extreme right**

beyond a few rooms used by the Bishop is devoted to episcopal purposes.

Formerly, Fulham Palace was the country house of the Bishops of London. Dr. Ingram's predecessors would have thought the end of the world was at hand if anybody had suggested the letting of the huge house in St. James's Square, to which the Bishops always repaired in the winter and spring. Fulham has now been brought so close to St. James's Square by train and bus that the Bishop found he could manage his huge diocese just as well from the old country Palace, and so saved a deficit on his income by letting London House, once the scene of episcopal splendours which nowadays are beyond any Bishop's wildest dreams—if Bishops ever have wild dreams.

*Photograph* MAJORITY CELEBRATIONS [*G. P. U.*

**A garden party was recently given by Viscount Hambleden at Greenlands, Henley, to the staff of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son to celebrate the coming-of-age of his son, the Hon. W. H. Smith. The group shows: the Hon. J. Smith (left), the Hon. Edith Smith, Lady Hambleden, the Hon. W. H. Smith, Lord Hambleden, and the Hon. Margaret Smith. Seated in front is the Hon. David Smith**

*Photograph* *Hay Wrightson*

LADY DORIS VYNER

**Who, with her husband, Mr. Clare Vyner, entertained the Duke and Duchess of York at Studley Royal, Ripon, on their journey North. Lady Doris is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady March**

## British War Memorial in Venice

I WANT to remind all those fortunate people who will be running off to Venice for bathing on the Lido, of the British War Memorial, which is to be erected at the English Church of St. George—the only British church in the Italian war-zone. I mentioned it some little time ago.

There are nineteen British cemeteries in that lonely, mountainous region where our men stood side by side with the Italians. These cemeteries, through the consideration and kindness of the Italian Government, are "now for ever England." But many of them are remote and difficult of access. They are tended with the greatest care, a Scottish gardener living at Vicenza making regular tours of inspection. It was felt that a monument to the four thousand British sailors, soldiers, and airmen, dead or missing, who lie buried in Italian graves or under Italian waters, should be created in some place within the Italian war-zone easily accessible and frequently visited by subjects of the British Empire. The Church of St. George in Venice answers these requirements. As I have said, it is in the Italian war-zone, and, further, it is the only British building which can guarantee perpetuity to the memorial, as the property is vested in the See of London. English people have already placed memorial windows in the church to Sir Isaac Wootton, the famous seventeenth century English Ambassador to the Venetian Republic, and to Ruskin. Our British dead have a greater claim.

The memorial, which has the approval of the King, is to take the shape of two bronze doors to St. George's Church. The War Office has given two guns for the metal, and the Italian naval authorities have generously undertaken to melt them down and cast the doors at the Venice Arsenal.

Within the church will be a book containing the names of all the British dead lying in what are now British cemeteries in Italy, and those who are missing. Of the £600 required for the cost of this memorial only £150 is still needed. So you who are taking your pleasure in Venice, will you remember? Subscriptions may be sent to Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, 56, Portland Place, or to Mr. T. J. Anderson, British Vice-Consul, Campo S. Luca, Venice, the honorary treasurers.

*Photograph* *Compton Collier*

LADY MARJORIE ERSKINE

**In a pleasant garden setting. She is a daughter of the Marquis of Bristol. With her husband, Lord Erskine, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, she is entertaining during the grouse season**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

THE WINNER

**Mr. Alan J. Cobham, who won the King's Cup for the Air Race round Great Britain. Mr. Cobham was placed third in the race in 1922, and second last year, so it looks as though he will have some difficulty next year in maintaining his mathematical progression**

# THE "CLUB" SPIRIT

## AS NORTH BERWICK KNOWS IT

*Photograph G. W. Day*

**"SMILIN' THRU'"**

**Miss Evelyn Grahame, daughter of Colonel Grahame, keeping her eye on the ball—of the camera**

*Photograph J. C. H. Balmain*

**THE START OF THE SOCIAL ROUND**

**The Misses Rogers about to pay some tee-time calls at North Berwick**

*Photograph G. W. D...*

**IN THE FAIR (ISLE) WAY**

**Miss Lois Thomson, daughter of Sir James Wishart Thomson**

*Photographs*

**FRONT ROW STALLS**

**Miss Mary Mylne, Miss Jamieson, Mrs. Fisher Rowe and Sir Adrian Baillie of Polkemmet, decide that "the play's the thing" at North Berwick**

*Topical*

**DORMY BIEN**

**Lord and Lady Hampden, who are among the North Berwick invaders this year**

# NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

*Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

## SOCIETY'S LATEST

"Victor's Club has captured the trade of the nearly-all-night dancer"

All last winter, and all this summer, the brightest Night Light in London was the—but never mind, it has been closed. Closed because its promoters, excellent people in themselves, endeavoured vainly to achieve an air of mystery, and an impregnability against police invasion. Wherefore one had the curious custom of highly respectable patrons signing their names, and those of their guests, in a hairdresser's shop further down the little street, thereafter clamouring for admittance outside a locked door; being peered at through grilles and things; and, finally, after more keys had been turned in locks, receiving the right of entry into a place where, had there ever been a fire, there would have been a holocaust.

The Metropolitan Police showed a commendable restraint in respect of this dance club until certain very expansive people bruited it abroad that they could never possibly get in here in time to see anything incriminating in the glasses. Then, of course, to justify their reputation as a most efficient and watchful body of men, they descended quietly but firmly through the roof on a very fine night; and everyone laughed to see such sport—except the super-tax paying proprietors, who paid up in due course and looked foolish.

There is no camouflage, stupidity of Yale locks, downstairs bars with sand on the floor, and heinous prices on the supper menus about Society's latest and brightest night light. "Victor's" is open to the world of Leicester Square; you can almost see the foxes trotting within from the cab rank on the distant railings. It is idle to suppose that sensible people want their dancing shrouded in a quasi-naughty mystery; or to spend their dancing nights in an atmosphere of vitiation which, as it were, hits you in the face as you come in from the cleanly street. Nor will the cult of sitting on a much-danced-upon floor in your best evening frock while somebody sings a silly song, as was the habit in the Place that Has Gone, prevail for more than a month or two anywhere. This striving after cheap effect is an ephemeral fashion, and is only indulged by the spurious bohemians.

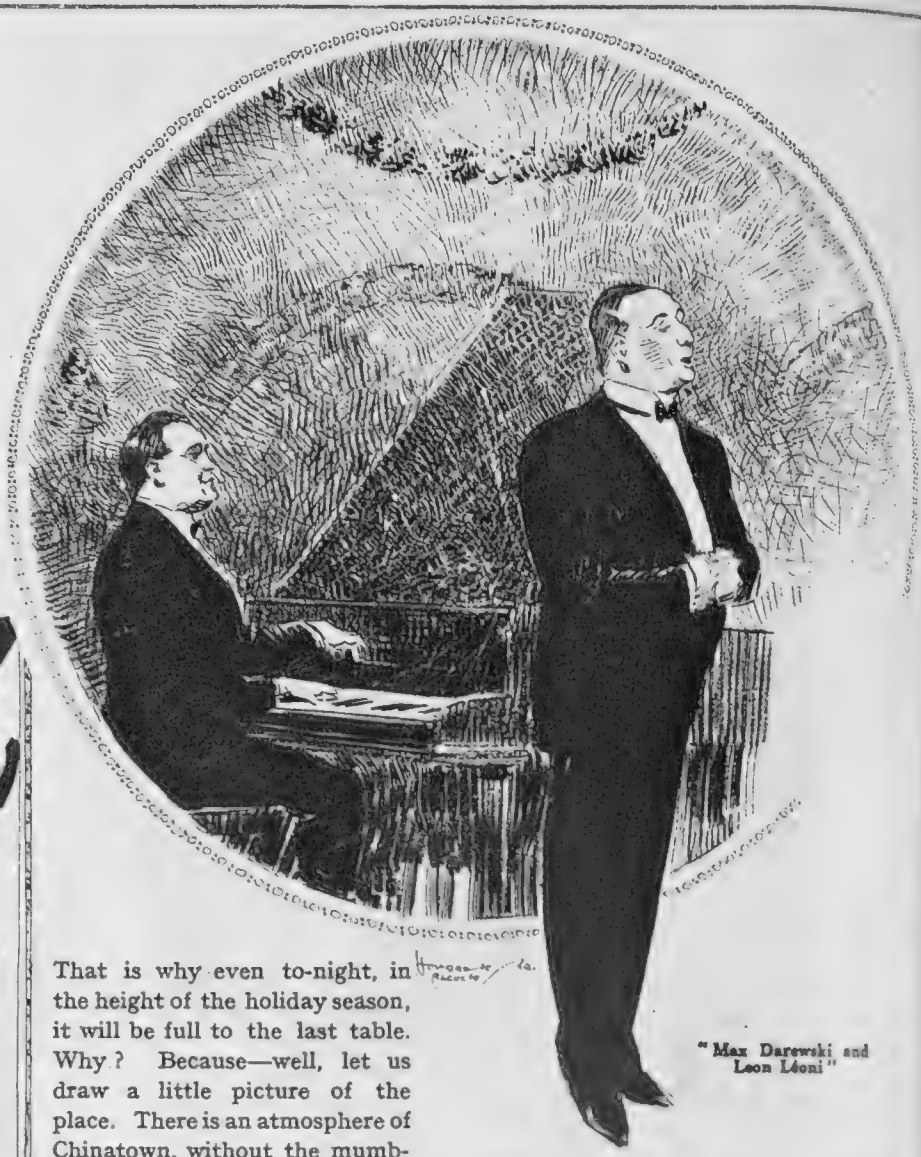
What Society does want, however, and insists upon having, and will go on enjoying so long as syncopated music is played by orchestras, is the sort of place that Victor Ribuffi has recently opened to dance-mad Londoners. The term "dance-mad" needs no apologia since the writer is an incurable himself, and most BYSTANDER readers have had a touch of it.

Victor (nobody ever calls him Ribuffi; I doubt whether one person in fifty knows that is his name) is one of the few Managers of dance clubs who draw me towards intimacy. There is a fashion nowadays to be hail-fellow-well-met with the men who have in their hands the endowment of the best tables and the best supper service. You are thought by some to be rather a dog if you can say airily "Hullo, Sabatini, ol' man—got my usual table for me? Righto," and all that sort of thing. But with Victor it is different. He never presumes upon the wealth of his knowledge of men and women of the moment, nor, unlike some, does he take the ell that is born of the inch familiarity. Moreover, he has an Adjutant, one Belloni, a compatriot, who is quite one of the best maîtres d'hôtel in London at the present time. A man with a most disarming smile, white hair, and a dignified *empressement* that will carry him far upon the waters of a fickle public sea.

These two men know their jobs, and their *clientèle* better than most. Consequently Victor's is an extremely well-conducted Club of the best sort; which

is a club and does not pretend to be anything else. It is for this reason partly that they have captured the trade of the nearly-all-night dancer. But there are other reasons. There is a freshness and gaiety about Victor's that makes me want to be there to-night. I, who have no illusions left about most Night Lights in Paris and London, and who am sitting at this moment with my back to a South Coast breakwater, with gulls strutting about the hot sand at my feet, the hot afternoon sun overhead—and peace all round.

Victor's is the best of its kind.



"Max Darewski and Leon Léoni"

That is why even to-night, in the height of the holiday season, it will be full to the last table. Why? Because—well, let us draw a little picture of the place. There is an atmosphere of Chinatown, without the mumbling enigmatic Chink. Colours of a bizarre nature strike at your consciousness from the walls. An artist has painted these walls, one Décart, a clever Frenchman. Every panel in the room has a different picture, and "every picture tells a story," as the saying is. A naughty story of the harmless kind. It is impossible to be dull or depressed here. It is impossible not to dance because the band is so good. It is impossible not to be influenced, although you may not notice at the time that you are being influenced, by the very gay colours of the place, which are, in the main, purple, yellow and pink, loud and compelling but terribly alluring.

When I was there last, quite a few nights ago, Max Darewski played the piano in his inimitable way, and Léoni sang in between whiles. This man has a rich baritone, and you hear French singing at its best. "*Toi Et Moi*," for example. That is enough to keep any two people interested in each other for longer, possibly, than is discreet for either of them. And, again, a famous one of his "*Je ne dis pas son nom*" (a most wise omission at all times and in all places!) When Léoni goes, another equally good *chanteur* will take his place. For Victor, the experienced, has plans, and a full season ahead of him. He deserves it.

Another characteristic of this brightest and best place is the surpassing beauty of the women all about you. It really is most trying and deflecting of purpose for a lone journalist who finds himself wiltering at a barrenly bachelor table, to see vision after vision stroll in, in that poised, detached way women have on entering a restaurant, which we males can never acquire. I imagine there can be no place in the world where you see such flower like loveliness of face and form as in a fashionable London dance club at about 2 a.m. And especially now that we have sprinklings of the grace and bewitchment of other European countries scattered here and there among our own women in London. And, of course, at Society's latest you are bound to see the pick of the flower basket. Yes—er—let me see . . . Surely there is a good train up from here about 10.15, or something? . . . . Why not? . . . Do us good. . . .

"Belloni, one of the best maîtres d'hôtel"

# Some Queer Fish

BY A. K. MACDONALD

The "net" result of an artist's visit to one of our popular seaside resorts

# Motley Musings

RUSSIA is said to have every intention of honouring her obligations. Well, we don't mind giving her credit for that.

. . . . . .

*What need to fume and fret and frown,*
*Or pass on her the sternest stricture?*
*Though they may take her portrait down,*
*Nancy will still be "in the picture!"*

. . . . . .

AN American publishing firm has offered a huge sum to the Prince of Wales if he will write his reminiscences. The latter, apparently, has no need of royalties.

. . . . . .

OUR visitors from abroad seem to agree that the London policeman is our finest institution. They say with Keats, "A thing on duty is a joy for ever."

. . . . .

A FOOD crank in a contemporary inveighs against the consumption of vegetables. He would seem to consider the habit to be the beetroot of all evil.

. . . . .

WHY NOT?

*We rightly speak of "houses"*
*When we the plural make;*
*But he who talks of "ploughses"*
*Commits a crude mistake;*
*Again, to mention "blouses"*
*Is obviously correct;*
*But when we hear of "cowses,"*
*An error we detect.*

*We should say "boughs," not "boughses,"*
*If we would be O.K.;*
*And, likewise, "sows," not "sowses,"*
*Is what we ought to say;*
*But if it's true that "mouses"*
*Are more correctly "mice,"*
*The plural form of "grouse" is*
*Indubitably "grice"!*

A THOUGHT for August: Marry at Hastings and repent at St. Leonard's.

. . . . . .

Two eminent German musicians have recently fought a duel. It seems a silly way to compose their differences.

. . . . . .

As the result of an earthquake in Northern Kenya the waters of two rivers have been divided into boiling streams. The local urchins, who have been getting into hot water, find it no joke.

. . . . . .

*In charge of a branch up in Lancashire,*
*There's a wideawake fellow who's bank cashier;*
*When I asked for a loan,*
*He remarked, "You're unknown;*
*And we don't give a penniless man cash here!"*

. . . . . .

THE Lord Chief Justice recently stated that ignorance of the law is no excuse. Nor, he might have added, is the ignorance of the lawyers.

. . . . . .

"FREE" verse is now being broadcasted. That ought to bring home the horrors of wireless.

. . . . . .

THE logical argument against polygamy is that no man can serve two masters.

FIE, PHYLLIS!

*Phyllis won't patrol the jetty;*
*Phyllis doesn't throw confetti;*
*Nor with picnic merrymakers*
*cares to rove;*
*But you'll always find her sitting*
*With her everlasting knitting*
*Meditating in some sandy little cove.*

. . . . . .

*Other maidens blithly set off*
*With the fixed resolve to "get off"*
*With Lotharios as handsome as is Jove;*
*Phyllis hears them idly talking,*
*Then, like Felix, keeps on walking*
*To her knitting in her sandy little cove.*

. . . . . .

*In the beatific sky light*
*Of an August summer twilight,*
*Flirting flappers flap adown each shady grove;*
*But you'll search in vain for Phyllis,*
*For all know the latter still is*
*Counting stitches in her sandy little cove.*

. . . . . .

*But yest're'en while ruminating,*
*I discovered tête-à-tête-ing,*
*A young couple on the promenade at Hove;*
*And it must be now admitted*
*Phyllis had her lips well knitted*
*To the lips, sir, of a sandy little cove!*

. . . . . .

THE inhabitants of a Kentish village are at loggerheads with their lord of the manor, who, they say, is infringing the Enclosure Act. A little "common" honesty would seem to be needed.

. . . . . .

AGRICULTURAL labourers' wages are down again. The hire appears to be lower.

HARTLEY CARRICK

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

**THE BELLES ARE RINGING**

"I wonder how many men will be miserable when I marry"
"I'll tell you, dearest, if you will let me know how many men you are going to marry"

# Game to the End

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

BILL'S PARTNER *(on observing the disappearance of Bill)*: "Never mind about old Bill, mates, he's only dummy. Hold on a little longer, and we'll finish the game yet"

# En Plein Air at Aix-les-Bains

LADY DAVIS

MR. BAIRD, LORD CARISBROOKE AND MR. BEVAN

LADY GRANARD

*Photographs*

SIR ALFRED AND LADY READ

*E. Navello*

SIR ROBERT AND LADY HUDSON

The warm sunshine of fashionable Aix-les-Bains attracts many summer visitors. Above are seen some of those who have been taking a holiday—to say nothing of the waters—there

# PARISIANA. By "René"

## ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Our "Gigolo" worms have at last turned. *Bien entendu*, they have been turning for quite a while in one sense, for turning is a "Gigolo's" job, but they have now turned upon their dignity, and having caught up with it, are standing upon it. It was not before it was time, for the professional dancer—*genre* "Gigolo"—that is, the type which acts as partner for lonely but lavish ladies—had acquired a very unsavoury reputation. That was an unfair burden for some of them, mostly due to the blackmailing adventures of a few, but, straight or crooked, they all had to hang their heads low on account of the system of having banknotes pressed into their hands by the women with whom they had danced. It ranked them with the palm-itching menials, and they wished to parade loftily with the professions.

Now they have decided to bring an end to this degradation. No more *pourboires*—for that is what they amounted to—are to be accepted in the *grands dancings* by those who call themselves *professeurs*, but whom chair-bound husbands insist on calling "Gigolos," because it conveys a tinge of contempt. They have organised themselves syndically and have agreed, not upon a standard rate of remuneration, but upon a standard method of receiving the remuneration. Ladies who desire to dance with them must take out an *abonnement*—in principle, for a month—and each of them must pay for this monthly "season" an amount varying from five hundred to a thousand francs, according to the status of the *dancing*. In return the *professeurs* undertake to restrict their clients to ten and to refuse monetary "extras."

If they succeed in establishing this new system, the "Gigolos" will certainly have a very impressive claim to figure among the professions, for there are not many professional men in France who collect ten thousand francs a month for a four-hour day. It is probably more than is paid to the Prime Minister or the Prefect of Police. If this is the sort of income earned by the foot-fascination of the "Gigolo," it is no wonder that such a congenial calling has attracted Lithuanian barons and Circassian princes. It clearly adds to rank the guinea stamp.

In the hope of being able to transmit information of something new in the autumn and winter fashions, I went to the "opening" of Jean Patou, the *couturier* who mixes the most brains with his colours and styles. M. Patou has no startling innovations. Having established last season the principle of "individuality," what he has done this season is to develop it, with additional emphasis on the *ligne jeune*. M. Patou admits, himself, that though his collection reveals a general modification it is scarcely apparent in the eyes of the folk whom he describes as *les profanes de la silhouette feminine*. That might be risky on the part of some dressmakers, whose clients might consider it unnecessary to purchase new frocks, but the women who go to the Rue St. Florentin are not likely to be affected that way.

"Banknotes pressed into their hands"

"The belt for flappers only."

There is no doubt that M. Patou is working to a very fine idea in concentrating on the individuality of silhouette, instead of clinging to the old-fashioned system, which compelled every woman to wear a similarly cut frock under the tyranny of the *mode* of the moment, whether it made her appear ridiculous or not. One remembers the disastrous results when a woman who was little and fat adventured in a gown which had sent her into ecstasies on a tall and slender *mannequin*. Nowadays it is the aim of M. Patou to make every client look young with a frock that is adapted to her *forme*, and the *mannequins* are chosen accordingly. One slight novelty is the complete abandonment of the belt, except for the flapper. In colours, two greens will probably have an immense vogue—Nile-green and absinthe-green—and, personally, I have a tender affection for *bois de rose*.

THERE is a certain comely *demoiselle* whose golf is not a whit inferior to her prettiness, and who plays with conspicuous success in French and other national championships, but it happens that she has little ways which some of her partners of the moment find very disconcerting. *Par exemple*, she sings all the way round—unless she chances to be playing very badly, which is not often—and though the sweetness of her voice is quite in keeping with her classical profile, there are serious-minded French women-golfers who consider that even the notes of a nightingale are not so desirable as dead silence when they are making their drives. A piquant incident resulted when one of these nerve-racked partners tried to teach the musically inclined beauty a lesson during a competition.

"Offering a corona to cigarette smokers"

AFTER three or four experiences she could no longer endure the thought of continually "duffing" her drives, so she called on a motorist friend to dash into the adjacent town and procure a tiny trumpet so that she could pick it up at the turn. It was done. At the tenth hole, just as the trilling Helen had reached the top of her back-swing, she heard a cheery "Ta-ra-ra-ra." She stopped the stroke, gave a pained look at her partner, who made neither sign nor comment and no effort to conceal the trumpet. Then, without a word, she began to address the ball again. Just as she struck, the "Ta-ra-ra-ra" was repeated. Consequence, a foozle. Glaring now, she rasped out, "I can't play to the accompaniment of a band." "*Eh bien*," said the trumpeter, "we each have our own tastes. I don't care for opera, but you insist on singing, which upsets my game; but I do like instrumental music." The pretty one wilted under the rebuke. After that, the match was transformed from musical comedy into silent drama.

"She heard a cheery 'Ta-ra-ra-ra'"

I HAVE read several interviews with millionaires of a philanthropic reputation who have declared that far more difficult than making a fortune was to give money away satisfactorily. It has always seemed terribly hard to believe, for eveyone has several friends, including himself, to whom the gift of twenty thousand pounds would be of unquestionable benefit to the community. But I have just witnessed an incident—on quite a small scale, but embodying the principle—which caused me to appreciate that giving is not always quite as easy as one would expect. At the busiest hour, the time of the before-hour cocktails, a generous-hearted fellow walked into Harry's with a box of Coronas and tried to give cigars away. There was no fear of a catch, for the self-appointed donor was well-known, while the box and the bands were above suspicion. But man after man answered that he was a cigarette-smoker, and only endured cigars after official banquets, therefore was not prepared to carry one away against such an occasion! RENÉ

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**The Theatrical Depression**

SING a song of sixpence; put it in the till.
Four-and-twenty in the stalls, and pit and circle nil.
When the play was opened, the stalls began to jeer.
Now wasn't that a pretty thing for Exhibition year?

Bah, bah, black sheep, have you any dough?
"Lord!" said the manager, "No, no, no!
There's tuppence for the author, and a penny for the cast,
And all the captious critics says the play won't last."

W. R. T.

# Art in Arabesques

*Photograph* *Sasha*

NATTOVA AND MYRIO

The acrobatic dancers who are responsible for much of the whirling in "The Whirl of the World," the revue which has been filling the Palladium for many moons

*A patient "chola," or Indo-Spanish fruit-seller, waiting for customers*

*The peon—a man-of-all-work on the farms, and at the quays*

*An Argentine gaucho resplendent in the ubiquitous "poncho"*

*A youthful beauty of Paraguay—an orange-seller of Ascunsion. The traveller up the Paraná River becomes quite used to the sight of women smoking cigars*

# SOME PEOPLE OF PARAGUAY.

*OUR artist in South America, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, gives here his impressions of some of the picturesque people who help to make the land of Paraguay a very colourful place. In this little country between Northern Argentine and Southern Brazil, the women are seldom seen without a cigar. As in all tropical countries their youthful beauty soon fades—beyond, one fears, the repairing powers of even the most optimistic Bond Street beauty-specialist. The men—well, who worries about men, except they themselves?*

*A gaucho ready for the "fiesta." For the feast day he wears a wonderful silver belt and silver spurs, and carries a "revengue" or riding whip*

*Paraguayan women selling tortas—a sort of flat tart much fancied as an article of food*

# A Holiday Spirit

*Photograph* *George F. Cannons*

MISS NATALIE KINGSTON

Who is well known to film audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, photographed with her favourite borzoi on Palm Beach

# YOGO HAMA AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

"An elongated and non-ending road"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

THIS to inform that I are now in the provincials striving to enjoy rural and other bucolic delights. I receive a letter from Hon. Matuma Saki, who are very esteemed fellow compatriot which has adopted Grt. Britain for his grave and hopes to become an ancestor here. "I have," he wrote me to say, "converted myself to the English simple life, so as to grow very pure and uncarnal. Here in the chaste country airs and refreshing gales, we succeed to forget our worldly sins, and observe only sunrises and sets, flowering trees, falling leaves, cows, pigs, and other simple fowls which fill us with poetries and cleanse our souls to make them very pure and white. Come and be pumped, dear Yogo, by these delicious airs." I therefore pack some traps, hie to the railway and take a booking for my destination. When I reach same, I seek of a porter to enquire how far distance my friend lives.

"We experience vast chokes of smoke"

"O, that shall be 3 or 7 miles about more or less," he response.

"Have you not for hire a moting car, cab or other transports?" I ask to know.

"You should have made 3 or 4 days' notice if you wished for transports, which we do not provide otherwisely to order," he inform.

I ejacule some flowery vernaculars, pick up my traps and reconcile to perform a long hoof-pads. Hithertoly it has made to rain deluges, but now the sun arises and shines on me with considerable might and main, so that I expire very profusely and perform staggers in my tracks. Still I continue to observe before me an elongated and non-ending road which looks to appear it should encirculate the entire inhabited globe. I still pursue my ways with increasing staggers, seeking to incheer myself with songs like the military Tommies, but with a majority of non-success. At lastly, when I are almost giving up my sponge and taking the count, I observe Hon. Saki advancing to me with a good welcome smile.

"How glad I are to see you, dear Yogo!" he exclam, producing his arms round my neck. "Already you look more fitter because of the abundantly pure rural air, sunshine and nature blessings. Permit I should honour myself to carry your distinguished traps."

I feel so non-polite with fatigue that I cannot deny Hon. friend this servile honour. Insteadily I permit he should possess them while I stagger unevenly in his rear footprints. Presently we arrive to a sweetish cottage abode with roses, pergolas and other flowering vegetables hanging to him. We enter a smallish apartment and Hon. friend requires should I not desire a liquid refreshment. I response in the affirm very readishly and raise my peckers to think of a ½ or perhapsly 1 gal of coldish beer from a tub or other flagon.

"We preamble 6 or 9 bucolic miles"

"Here then you shall swaff a glass of luscious spring water," Hon. friend inform. "You cannot taste this so beautiful fluid in London."

"Indeedly no," I bemoan, "I should not desire to taste water in London at all."

Because so imparched, I drink this non-hygienic liquid and then subside myself into a chair.

"Constrain to observe, Yogo, how antiquely I am furnished. The chairs and other domestics are 2 or 300 years age, so that I love to think of the ancient persons who have sat in them."

Perhapsly, I bemuse, these so hardy ancient Britons had coarser textures for sitting on, because I find the chairs very damnish hard to the non-polite anatomy, so that my bones ache very extremely. Then we eschewed some eggs in bacon, which I do not greatly adore, and Hon. friend illuminates some very small h.p. candles.

"Now I shall ignite the fire and make us very cosy," he inform. "This fireplace are 100's of years age and many artist persons come here to paint him in raptures."

Hon. friend make alight the fire and we sit round same.

"Hark to listen, Yogo, the rain has started to commence and the wind to make roars. But here we are cosy and snuggish like small birds in adequately constructed nests."

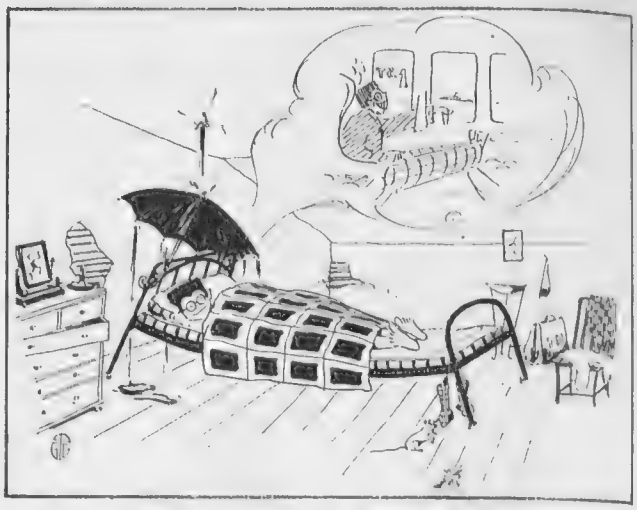
I observe to myself some gals of rain perforating to the room, also we experience vast chokes of smoke from the so ancient fireplace

which makes me to feel like a kipper or other dried table food.

"Now, Yogo," Hon. friend say presently at last, "I shall partake you to bed. This you shall find very chaste and simple, so your dreams shall be pure and intellectual."

I follow him to small and dimish apartment and my heart falls into the boots. I consider to myself this must be a hermit cave or other holy deposit, because of the so non-furnishings and austere environments.

"Here, Yogo, you shall have privilege to sleep like the Hon. O Mashiuma who says in his philosophies 'better a bare board to repose on, than luscious cushions which cannot accompany us to the grave.' I wish you goodnight and hygienic dreams."



"Sweetish visions of an approaching future"

"A very extremely non-beautiful femn"

I think Hon. friend must have produced for me the bed of aforesaidly Hon. O Mashiuma, because it was so hard as bricks, also rain spouts fell on my head. I obtained not any winks till very a.m. when Hon. friend appeared on my doorway.

"Come, dear Yogo, let us take some fresh morning airs while we discuss the estimable philosophies of Hon. Haki Suka and other great and defunct poets," he say.

I consider to shoot a boot at him, but preserve my hand in time. Instead, I rise and put on my garments with non-theological adumbrations. Then we set to preamble 6 or 9 bucolic miles, while the sun ascends and pours gals of heat on our necks.

"How far better it are to breathe the taintless air, than to imbibe tons of soot and other deposits in London," Hon. friend declam. "Already, Yogo, your soul must be growing very pure and white like the maiden's prayer. This visit must do you 4 or 5 tons of good."

Presently we arrive to a farming-house, where Hon. friend inform they are pumping the cows for milk. "Now you shall see the so delicious milking-maids who lead pure lives and do not paint or puff," he pronounce.

I hold my breaths to see these so exquisite maidens like in *The Country Girl* music play. Then I observe to advance a very extremely non-beautiful femn 6ft. by 4ft., who looks the strength to knock a bullock to the dust. I shall pull a veil over my disappointments, which are too painfullish to divulge. And now, as I make retreat to my hermit couch, I have sweetish visions of an approaching future.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths continue adhesive,

I remain

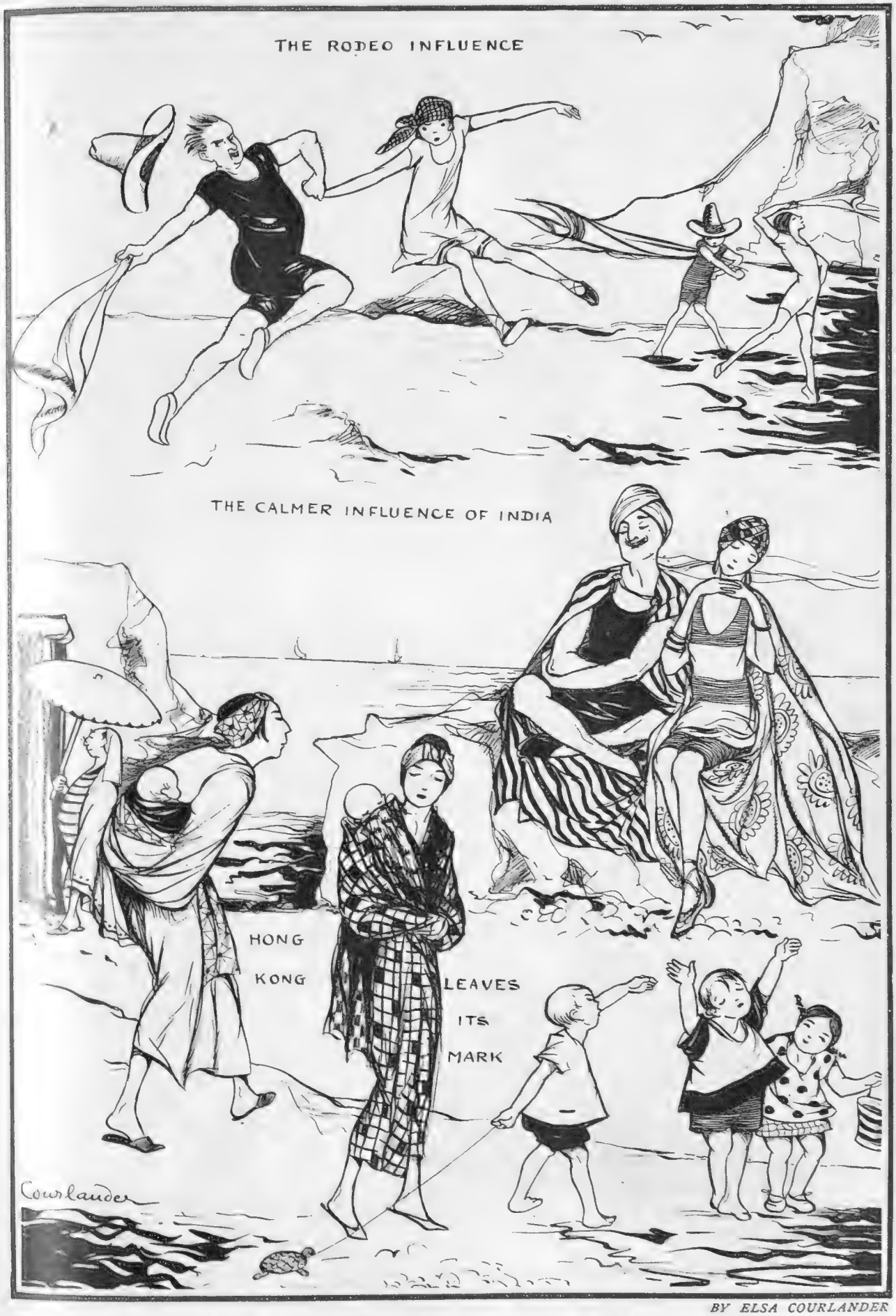
Yogo Hama

*Photograph* *Central News*

**LOOKING FOR YOGO HAMA**

It was rumoured last week that our ubiquitous Japanese correspondent was visiting a well-known South Coast resort. He has often shown his great interest in "luscious fairs," so it is not surprising that some of our "Anglican femns" should be searching for him. We have not yet been informed as to the result of their efforts, but the outlook here seems pretty—er—healthy!

# The Wembley Touch—




BY ELSA COURLANDER

## —As Evidenced at our Sea-side Resorts

# By "JINGLE"

*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

*Produced June 11, 1924*

MR. DONALD CALTHROP has very obviously come to Town. He has not only produced a very bright and extremely amusing revue, but he makes himself personally responsible for the laughter-producing machinery of the entertainment. I had known him previously as a light comedian of agreeable quality; but in this revue he reveals himself as an all-round humorist of the popular type. While occasionally adopting the methods of Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. George Robey, his style has an original turn of its own which should guarantee its success.

THE word forming the title of the revue is, I believe, one that is, or was formerly, used as a war-cry in the hunting-field. This is, at least, the explanation I gave to a French visitor to London who joined our party on the evening of my visit, though his efforts to pronounce the word were not entirely successful. Indeed, after a while a very correct lady in front of us turned round with a stern and reprehending look in her eye, evidently under the dismal misapprehension that my friend had got the hiccups.

MR. CALTHROP is the moving spirit of the show. We first see him in a scene entitled "Yours of the 5th to Hand." A man of business arrives at his office and begins with feverish haste to dictate his belated correspondence to his typist. He gets no further than the title of the turn when Mr. Calthrop as the Man from Next Door comes in with the most profuse apologies, that only serve by their very copiousness to add to the exasperation of the business man in a hurry. There is a carafe of water on the business man's table, and all Mr. Calthrop asks is that he may take a glass and go. He has brought a tumbler with him so as to give as little trouble as possible, and he gives a clear promise not to take more than just one glassful, as if drinking water were as rare and precious as the glass of ale that may not be legally bought in the heart of our great Empire at four o'clock on a hot afternoon.

AS soon as Mr. Calthrop has backed volubly out of the office, the business man tries to start his correspondence again. But after one or two minor interruptions Mr. Calthrop comes back, more apologetic than ever. Might he have just another half-glass of water—only half-a-glass, no more—just up to the "pretty." He measures the water with conscientious precision, expressing all the while the profoundest regret for hindering his neighbour's work. By this time the business man has become not unpardonably curious, and he asks impatiently what Mr. Calthrop proposes to do with the water he is taking. The abrupt answer produces an equally abrupt explosion of laughter as the scene closes down. It is all very delightfully ridiculous, with the unexpected quality in its tail that makes the real quality of a good joke.

A DISTINCT novelty is the turn, "We Take Off Our Hats" (written by Mr. Hartley Carrick), which removes, as it were, the sting from death. We have three cronies assembled at the bar of a public-house, while a golden-haired Hebe is handing out, with agreeably feverish industry, the same again. Then one of the cronies asks after an absent friend, and the grave look that precedes the vague answer tells its own tale. Instantly the three cronies Take Off their Hats by way of a respectful tribute to the departed. This little ceremony happens once or twice in the intervals of thirst-quenching, and then one of the cronies develops an ominously wheezy cough, and goes into the bar-parlour to have his trouble to

himself. Presently there is a loud crash, and the men still left at the bar look at each other significantly, and once more Take Off their Hats. I do not remember having before seen what is usually regarded as a solemn subject received with such general and noisy hilarity.

After some bright songs and choruses, with the ensuing romping dances by Miss Mary Leigh and Miss Edna Bellonini, we have a dainty little pantomime about a Lady of Virtue who developed second thoughts about it. And as the Bard so truly says, there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. Then Mr. Mark Lester has a turn to himself, and sings of "Rambler Rose." He appears as one of our fine old English gentlemen known to modern youth as "Old Fruit," and his turn is one of quite unusual efficiency. From a song that is on the commonplace side, Mr. Lester extracts quite a lengthy entertainment, and finally gets the audience to join him in the chorus with whole-hearted enthusiasm.

We see Mr. Lester again in a turn, entitled "Knowledge," in which he is partnered by Miss Cyllene Moxon. The two are seated, some distance apart, on chairs in the Park, and as the curtain rises they are obviously Strangers Yet. The problem of how to make the sympathetic acquaintance of a strange and very reserved lady is one that has occupied the attention of male experts for centuries, and those who are still in pursuit of a reliable recipe may learn quite a lot from Mr. Lester's genial overtures to the good end. The turn includes a witty little song by Mr. Bruce Woodhouse, the burden of which is that while Mr. Lester does not want to know many things, he does want to know the Girl. And as by common consent a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, it is only natural that very human men should strive to get beyond the danger zone as quickly as possible.

A highly original and diverting turn presents the old nursery tale of the Babes in the Wood as it should be, and as highbrow "producers" would make it. But the charm of the turn is the preliminary explanation before each scene by Mr. Calthrop himself, who keeps the house in such a continuous outburst of laughter that the audience has hardly breath enough left for the joy of the nonsense that follows. Earlier in the evening Mr. Calthrop comes before the curtain to make a speech which is quite a masterpiece of incoherency, and the high expectations we thus entertained of him as an expounder of nursery tales are in no way disappointed. Mr. John Hastings Turner, the author of the skit, must feel pleased that his work has fallen into such able hands.

The Desert Sheikh who captures romantic women and breaks their wills in his lonely tent had, of course, to be burlesqued, and the job is done here with a nice efficiency. Apparently to be thrashed by a Sheikh with a dog-whip is as sheer a delight to one class of woman as the damaged eye that 'Liza of the East End proudly exhibits as clear evidence in black and white of Bill's affection. In this particular case the lady's dream does not materialise. Instead she finds herself with a husband who has no time for manifestations of real affection, as all his available leisure is claimed by "Schedule D" of the Income Tax Return. Most people, under the circumstances, consider the selection of the particular capital letter as being singularly appropriate from the point of view of the tax-payer. *Yoicks!* is an excellent entertainment in every way, and should go far to restore the fortunes of the Kingsway Theatre.

JINGLE

# BOUNDARY LINES

## HAPPINESS HOUSE

BY "PENDARVES"

They told me that the Actors were taking a cricket team down to Langley, in Buckinghamshire, on a Sunday, to have "a day out." And I, scenting humour, pulled myself together, although it was supposed to be a day of rest, and followed them.

I defy any man to go to sleep in the train when there are actors in the carriage. They dislike the term "actor," and I don't blame them, for, somehow, it implies the moth-eaten astrachan coat and the bibulous face creeping in by the side door—but there is no other. My particular carriage-load, although wearing famous cricket ties, spoke not of cricket, but of things which, though vastly amusing, no Editor would publish, and I laughed to the point of pain, as did we all.

Here was country-house cricket at its best. The sort of day, don't you know, that one muses upon enviously with one's feet on the mantelpiece before a roaring fire with a porridge-coloured fog hanging like a pall from the November sky.

As it was typical of the ideal cricketing day, it bears description, because no two such days are ever alike. We wish they were. The hundred yards walk from the somnolent station. The old seventeenth-century manor house standing back from the road, hiding the beauties of its walled garden behind, and its perfect cricket field behind that. The cool stone hall of entry. The genuine welcome, proved by the precipitate adjournment to the crowded dining-room sideboard. The hiss of friendly syphons. . . . The change into flannels and awe-inspiring blazers, the caps of old 'Varsity Blues and county players peeping out of worn pigskin cricket bags. The very famous actor-captain's "Come on, you fellows; they've won the toss." The white blur of men upon the vivid green field. The faint hand-clapping as the opening batsmen appear from the pavilion. The settling deep down into the deck-chair with the biggest pipe in the rack; the utter stillness that broods instantly over all places when the first over begins to be bowled—and peace.

Not the peace of heart and mind that the average non-cricketer knows but rarely, poor fellow; but the peace and absolute perfection of a country-house Sunday in midsummer when good, keen cricket is about to be played. Larks trill distantly. A gardener somewhere is breaking the Sabbath by mowing a neighbouring lawn for afternoon tennis (bless him), the blissful song of it reaches you *pianissimo*. And complete content settles upon all. There is nothing like this in all the world, save England.

But, dash it, these Men of the Blazers are playing boys. The boys of the Actors' Orphanage. What chance have these little 'uns against men with Free Foresters' caps and M.C.C. scarves? Little enough, you would think. But wait awhile. Six shows a week, and two matinees, are not conducive to the sort of cricket they used to play. And, moreover, these two first batsmen and the next, and the next, have got cricketing style and an ingrained true batsman's confidence written all over their diminutive frames. . . . Lunch, at 170 for seven. Good enough on a popping wicket.

The chablis (our host, a very famous actor, sent it all down) and freshly picked salad under the marquee. The brown, healthy faces of the Orphanage children handing us dish after home-grown dish. The coffee and the long cigar. The further post-prandial peace of the afternoon and the actors presently batting. The mental haze of the Sunday afternoon overspreads your recumbent frame. There is something else contributing in some queer way to this serenity of mind and body. What is it?

They, the children down here, do not call this lovely old place "The Actors' Orphanage." No. They call it "Happiness House." It was well named indeed. Mites of children, boys and girls, no two children dressed alike, sit contentedly about, piquant foregrounds to the multi-coloured foliage behind them, watching the cricket they do not understand, contentedly because here within all these old walls happiness lives and love rules.

Your mind is switched away from the absorbing cricket to the place and what it means, what it is—all this loveliness of human good fellowship. It is just, so they tell you, falteringly, because members of the hardest profession in the world cover their real sentiments under their nightly make-up, which is the way of them, a place where the little children of the dead actors and actresses are brought, clothed and educated free and subsequently placed, with immense care, in their right niche in a hard world. They see to that, these benefactors, trust them. They know, better than most, where the seams of life gape.

And all they have to keep this Happiness House going, properly tended, is the annual Theatrical Garden Party, and the dwindling proceeds therefrom. That, and the Friday-night collection-box which goes the round of theatre dressing-rooms, into which go, with the immense generosity of their kind, the ill-spared half-crowns, shillings and pence. . . .

This page is devoted to cricket, and I ask pardon for having wandered therefrom. But my thoughts led me to those other children of the stage who know not Happiness House, and who should. And to all those sportsmen and cricket-lovers about the inimical world who have probably never heard, or know little, of Happiness House at Langley. But who, on hearing that money is needed to maintain securely this excellent institution, and to further its generous aims, might possibly like to help it in a tangible form. It is a good show, splendidly run, as can be seen any time your car takes you that way.

VERY MUCH ALL THERE

By Lance Mattinson

He: "Er—didn't I meet you somewhere last summer?"
She: "Quite likely, I was there last August"

VERA CLARKE AND WINIFRED ARTHUR.

". . . . . *through all the ages, the only universal tongue has been Music.*"

In the Trocadero Grillroom you will find the most modern enunciation by VERA CLARKE, WINIFRED ARTHUR, and THE TROCADERO ORCHESTRA.

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Service is designed solely to please.

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# TOPICAL TALES

## HALF-A-LOAF.

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

FREDDY was going down for the third time when he felt himself gripped by muscular hands and propelled towards the surface. The blade of an oar, unskilfully managed, caught his head in passing, and when next he came to himself it was to find himself in an unfamiliar bed, while a young woman, dressed in a damp bathing costume and a dry wrapper, was weeping over him. "Oh, Billy, darling Billy," she moaned. "Only live and I will do anything in the world you ask me."

Freddy struggled to raise his head. "I say—there is some mistake. My name is——"

A cup of some warm liquid was pressed to his lips, enforcing silence. "Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?" wailed the young woman. "He is delirious. Oh, go away, all of you and leave me with him."

An unseen door clicked and in a moment the young woman was transformed. "Listen to me," she said sternly. "I know perfectly well who you think you are. You think your name is Randal—and you are one of the 'Gay Gumps' concert party playing at Farncombe this week. I have seen you there two or three times and when I saw you committing suicide to-day—"

"I wasn't," insisted Freddy feebly. "It was the current."

"I knew it was a direct intervention of Providence that I had chosen to bathe off a boat this morning, so that I could rescue you. Now, listen. I am Alethea Postlethwaite—you needn't say you don't know my name, because I played lead in 'Purple Patches' at Bilborrow when your party was there two months ago. Your name isn't Randal at all. It is Billy Framlingham, and you are—in the Guards—but frightfully hard up—don't interrupt me—only pretending to be a concert-party because you knew I was on Lord Dullington's—yes, the son of the soap man—steam-yacht, the *Polyphemia*, lying in Farncombe Bay. And hearing I had accepted him, you tried to commit suicide and left a letter addressed to me that I have in my pocket now, and it has so touched me that I don't know whether I can marry anyone else after all. I know you have been doing rotten business this week, and there is a tenner for you——"

"Twenty," murmured Freddy.

"Ten down and the rest on the day he proposes."

"But why——"

"Because there is a cat on board, called Virginia Walters, and unless I can do something to make him jealous—I nearly as possible pulled it off last night, in the moonlight, but this morning——" Suddenly her voice changed. "Darling Freddy—I mean Billy—how could I have treated you so badly?"

An elderly lady entered the cabin followed by two men. "Here is the doctor," she said. "And now, dearest Alethea, you positively must rest. Mr. Framlingham will be well looked after." And, weeping bitterly, Alethea allowed herself to be led away.

Ten minutes later, his head scientifically bandaged, Freddy found himself alone with the owner of the *Polyphemia*. He seemed embarrassed about something. "I—I only wanted to say—Alethea's—Miss Postlethwaite's mother—has told me about things—and I—I shouldn't think of standing in your way. I had no idea when I asked them to—to come for this trip—that I was—breaking up Love's young dream, and all that sort of thing. I see now—she never could care for me."

Freddy stared at him in genuine surprise. "Aren't you engaged?"

Lord Dullington started. "I say, you know, she can't think that. I—well, you know how it is yourself—a moonlight night on board ship—and all that sort of thing. Good Lord—that is what the old lady meant by calling me 'George, dear,' this morning." For a moment he seemed plunged in gloomy reflection. "You'll excuse my asking you, but, if you were so fond of each other—what was the difficulty?"

"Cash," said Freddy, concisely.

"Yes—I understand. Now, you see how it is. I should hate to come between two loving hearts and all that sort of thing. I wonder if I couldn't help. If you had a couple of hundred——"

"I owe ten times that," said Freddy, airily.

Lord Dullington looked doubtful, "M-m-m. Seems a good deal. Say four."

"You know what Alethea is," suggested Freddy, simply. "Not to speak of her mother."

"Yes—indeed. Well—we'll call it five. We were to have started for Naples to-day, but I will have it put off till to-morrow. And I'll see there is a boat left handy after dark, and you can elope with Alethea and be happy ever afterwards. I'll send her to you at once, so that you can fix things up."

But, strangely enough, Alethea did not return, nor did Freddy receive any further visits except a steward bearing an excellent dinner to which he did full justice, the more so that on the tray was an envelope comfortably lined with bank-notes, while on a half-sheet of notepaper were the cryptic words, "Go in and win."

Freddy was at least as conscientious as the average young man of his age. It was accordingly with a righteous determination to do something to earn his money, even if it actually meant marrying Mrs. Postlethwaite's daughter, that, unable to bear further suspense, he rose, as soon as it was dark, donned a suit of Lord Dullington's yachting clothes and made his way on deck, determined to find someone from whom to gain further data. As he peered through the darknness a firm hand caught his arm. "This way, idiot," said Alethea's voice. "I thought you were never coming. Bring those suit-cases along." Another female figure came forward. "Here is the gang-way. Now, step carefully, mother. Can you row, Billy. If not, give me the oars."

They were half-way towards the harbour jetty before she vouchsafed enlightenment. "I will take my half of that five hundred now, please, to prevent any mistakes. Now, you needn't say anything. I was in the next cabin and it was quite easy to hear all you said."

"But—why——?"

"The little fool proposed to that Walters' girl not half an hour since. Half-a-loaf is better than no bread. Now—are you going to hand it over—or must I use force?"

And remembering the extremely vigorous arms that had rescued him from the water, Freddy obeyed without protest.

O. M. H.

### Making the Most of Her Time.

So capable is Margaret,
Her cooking is an art,
For she can make an omelette,
A salad or a tart.

She makes her gowns most skilfully,
She makes delicious cakes,
And yet, despite her energy,
She never makes mistakes.

Even when walking down the street
Her time she does not waste,
For when to-day we chanced to meet
I found her making haste!

LESLIE M. OYLER.

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# The Poetry of Bathing

## By Blanchette

*ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA,
*August* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

FROM the quiet hotel bedroom where I'm writing this to you I hear the sea lapping lazily on the beach. Far away, half way up the window, its great horizon spreads peacefully into space. Peacefully a builder or two hammers, very occasionally, a nail or so into a new house they're putting up (that'll make about the sixth) along the cliff. Even the gulls are uttering only an occasional plaintive squeal, just to show they're still here in Holiday Land now.

IT'S noon. On the golf links little tiny figures move to and fro—you can see them all the way up to about the ninth green. They look peaceful, too, though Heaven knows what awful thoughts may be agitating their hidden minds. Slow back this time. . . . I really will *not* press, and follow through properly, and 'member that ancient tip 'bout keeping my head still . . . not more than two putts on any green, either, whatever happens. . . .

AND then there's the tennis courts, likewise, well within the purview or scope of one gazing from out the aforesaid window—somewhat encumbered, p'raps, with bathing things and a shoe or two hung out to dry, but moderately penetrable as an outlook on the holiday world below. Here, too, tiny little figures dot about, so slowly and peacefully, meseems, but straining all the same, am pos'tively certain sure, quite lots of nerves to get that return well over and just plumb on the side line, or flick the smash easily and gracefully at one of those acute angles that leave the people on the other side of the net staring with mingled admiration and hate.

SOME there be, too, that disport themselves with croquet, or even bowls, or in driving their cars swishingly up and down the narrow Devon lanes for the pure joy of motion, or tramping to neighbouring coves, accompanied by sandwiches and chocolates and Thermos, full of morning energy and hope. But after it's all over—and we push off early these holiday days—there's at least one rendezvous whither all, unless quite hopelessly marooned, do eventually and satisfiedly repair, with appetites whetted for the one never-failing treat of the day . . . the bathing beach to wit.

NOT really, I s'pose, 'mong all our holiday sports and activities and recreations or what not, any one *quite* so utterly futile, foolish, childlike, brief, painful, and entirely glorious and gorgeous as that before-lunch bathe. For this we erect, with great labour and energy, the flimsiest of tents, that the breath, you'd think, of a tired bumble-bee would blow over and scatter to horizontal nothingness on the sands. For this we cart around with us from links to tennis courts, in car or round pedestrian shoulders, simply c'lossal bundles of towels and costume and shoes, *sans* repining or complaint.

AND when it comes at last, that bathing moment—oh, how infinitely awaited and how frequently put off!—what sudden crashing, dashing, splashing rapture it somehow does invariably bring! Why, heaven only knows. The water's always and inevitably—we being here in England now, and not in Italy or the West Indies or any of those nice broiling spots—an always chilly and horrid shock. Courage is needed . . . real British courage . . . to face it at all, in those few first seconds of the initial and introductory plunge. We shiver. We shudder. But

"Bundles of towels and cushions and shoes"

"It's noon"

is any British man, or woman, going to be deterred and defeated by any mere childish terror such as this? Loud cries of "No, No! We'll risk it." And with one last glance at England, home and beauty, and all of the other nice things we're quite certain we're leaving behind for ever, we plunge in.

As we thought. Perfectly horrid, it is. Well, just a dip to show we aren't afraid, and then we'll away once more, honour being satisfied, to hurry hastily into warm clothes and take the first nice stuffy train back to London. But what's this? Strangely, oddly, there's something that attracts one about this particular beach. The water's extra clean and clear, surely. It *is* cold, horribly cold, but we must have just one more plunge just to make sure. . . . And on emerging, proudly breathless, 'bout five or ten or twenty minutes later, feel really quite more or less braced we do, by our battle with the boundless and cheerless waves.

WHEREUPON arrives fearful discov'ry. We've act'lly—I do b'lieve, but it's not at all certain yet—enjoyed this detestable and chilsome affair. Not really 'cos of the show itself, of course, but somehow having dressed and walked about afterwards, complete with woolly sweater, don't feel altogether quite so depressed, not to say red-nosed, as might have been thought and expected from the first prognosis (as they say in medical circles) thereof.

"Back to London, work and worry"

OF course, there's lots of people, so I'm told, anyway, at Deauville and places, that like their bathing partly 'cos of the chance it gives you to wear quite a diff'rent sort of frock from the usual kind. Simply glorious 'portunity for anyone with a decent sort of a kind of a figure, and all that sort of thing. And something in that, am quite and 'pletely sure, *sans doute*. But we here on the Devon coast, we blunt and straightforward Englishmen and Englishwomen, take no stock of such things. We just splosh into the sea, somehow and anyhow (having heard of its bracing and healing qualities), and that's that. And filled full of virtuous glow, wend our way homewards in large parties or clumps across golf links—where golfers (imbued with holiday spirit, and also being mostly friends and acquaintances) stay their strokes to let us pass by—to orgies of super-seaside lunch.

WITH, in our minds, p'raps the rapture of the poet's words who sang how we

. . . leave behind
The crystal shallow and the foam-wet shore,
And sliding into deeper water find
A living coolness in the lifting flood . . .
And now upon a mirrored cloud they ride
Or turning over, with soft strokes or slow
Slide on like shadows in a tranquil sky . . .

Which is the super-poetry of bathing, *n'est-ce-pas*?

AS the same poet, Mr. Edward Shanks, has put it in his little tiny gem of a verse, "The Rock Pool" . . .

This is the Sea. In these uneven walls
A wave lies prisoned. Far and far away,
Outward to ocean, as the slow tide falls,
Her sisters, through the capes that hold the bay,
Dancing in lovely liberty recede,
But lovely in captivity she lies . . . .

And there's lots of fun to be had out of merely exploring the above-mentioned rock-pools and places, isn't there, without actually plunging right head over heels into the aforesaid bounding main—which, after all, *does* make one rather extraordinarily wet, not to mention sleepy and disinclined for the various sports and pastimes *sans* which your proper violent holiday-maker would feel him (and her) self fearf'ly desolated and at a loss.

AND now the holiday begins to draw to a close somehow—though seems utterly and 'pletely impossible that time should really have flown so fast. Clocks and calendars, am sure, are always entirely wrong, as is the way with all holiday time-machines, and I do *detest* 'em.

"Peacefully a builder or two hammers occasionally"

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay?
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

Doesn't seem to be the very least little bit inclined that way, he doesn't, so I s'pose we shall have to be making up our mind quite soon for that last and final plunge back—back to London and work and worry and all the little grey things that await us when the last trunk has been packed and locked, and the sad procession to the waiting station-bound car begins.

BUT all London, too, seems sleeping more or less—from this point at any rate. The King's going to Balmoral this Wednesday as ever is, and Parliament won't be meeting again till the end of next month at the earliest—and then only 'cos of that old Irish question coming up again.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

# À Travers la Deauville

SOME OF THOSE WHO ARE "RIGHT THERE" THIS SUMMER

*Photograph* *Keystone*

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (left), and LADY WODEHOUSE

*Photograph* *L. N. A.*

CAPT. DE BRATH (left), MR. HERBERT PULITZER, GENERAL CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY and MRS. DUDLEY COATS

*Photograph* *Affori*

LADY VICTORIA BULLOCK (left) and the DUCHESS DECAZES

*Photograph* *Affori*

BARON SCHROEDER, LADY GIBBONS, MME. ALLATINI, MRS. ERNEST MARSHALL, CAPT. LARKING, COMTESSE DE LA MAZAS, BARONESS SCHROEDER and MLLE. SCHROEDER

Deauville may well claim to be the Mecca of summer sport, for it offers an almost bewildering variety of attractions to the visitor. Polo, the Pontinière, Pompeiian dressing-cabins for the bather, all make Deauville one of the most popular playgrounds in Europe

# RACING NOTIONS

### Whatcombe Two-Year-Olds

AFTER sundry disappointments Diacquenod proved equal to gaining his maiden success at Kempton Park. It was a welcome turn for the Whatcombe stable, whose two-year-olds have not come up to expectations so far this season. Diacquenod is by no means a champion, but he will certainly do further good service for the Aga Khan. I am sorry to learn, by the way, that this owner's Pot au Feu, winner of the French Derby and the best of his horses in France, went lame in his recent race at Deauville, and it is now doubtful whether he will ever run again. We have not heard much lately of Transvaal, who so unexpectedly beat Pot au Feu in the Grand Prix and is engaged in the St. Leger. I hope it will be possible to send him to Doncaster, as his presence will add appreciably to the interest of the last of the classic races. I suspect that his triumph in the big French race was a bit of a fluke, but the colt undoubtedly stays well, and he might easily be capable of extending the English three-years-olds on the Town Moor.

### The Leger

AT the time of writing, Sansovino appears to have got over his trouble, and is in regular work again.

By "THE TOUT"

**MR. BOB JEFFREY**

**The famous "penciller" of "Tatts," whose wife is the owner of Dinkie. The family horses are trained by Walter Earl.**

It is understood that the hock was the seat of the mischief, and it is a little ominous when a big-framed colt goes wrong in this direction. Whether he will get through a strenuous preparation for the St. Leger remains to be seen. Meanwhile Sansovino is not now undisputed favourite for the great race. Straitlace looks like coming to a comparatively short price at Doncaster. She is sure to give her backers a good run for their money, for she is one of the gamest of the game. Polyphontes and Salmon Trout are both doing well, and we can safely count on a formidable competitor from the Manton stable. Thus the St. Leger looks like being one of the most open and interesting affairs of the season.

### Some Selections

THIS week there should be some good sport at Stockton. **Saucy Sue** is the best of the youngsters in the Hardwicke Stakes on Wednesday, and the Stewards' Handicap may be won by **Re-Echo**. On the following day **Petit Bleu** may take the Durham County Produce Plate. **Jansan** is my selection for the Bath Summer Handicap. At Hurst Park on Friday I like the chance of **Daimyo** in the Wilderness Handicap, and in the Maze Handicap **Morestel** should repeat the runaway success she gained at Brighton. On the second day of the meeting **Frater** may win the Richemount Stakes, as I do not suppose his stable companion, Salmon Trout, will be called upon for an effort with the St. Leger now so close at hand.

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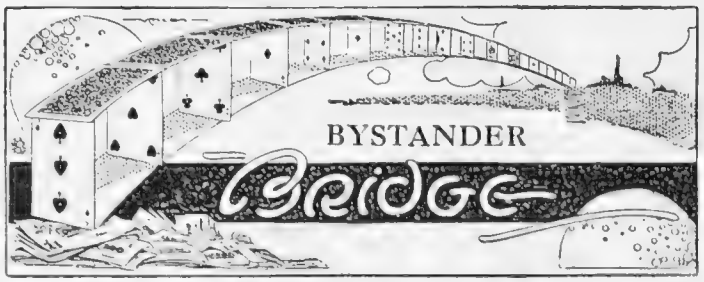


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

# HOLDING UP THE ACE

To know when to hold up and when not to hold up an Ace against a long suit is an important point of play. In the old days of Whist it used to be said of women-players that, as a rule, they hated parting with their trumps. They liked to hoard them. Many Bridge players have a similar failing with Aces. They can't bear to part with them, and frequently they "go to bed" with them.

. . . . . .

Now it is most valuable to be able to kill a long suit in Dummy's or Declarer's hand by holding up an Ace. But it is no good holding up without a definite reason and unless sure benefit is to accrue thereby. With Ace and only one other it is useless, as a rule, to try to hold up a suit. If you refuse to put your Ace on an honour led first time, it will very likely fall on a small one led on second round. But with Ace to three or four the position is different. Here you may safely hold up and exhaust one of the adverse hands of the suit.

. . . . . .

But do not hold up the Ace on King or Queen led when you have two or even three. Thus, Declarer leads King of Clubs. In Dummy are Q, 10, 8, 5, 3. You are second player and have Ace and one other, or Ace and two others. Put up your Ace on King led. Your partner may have Jack to three and provide a second guard in the suit. Similarly with Queen led by Declarer and K, 10, 8, 5, 3 in Dummy, do not hold up the Ace. Pop it up on first round on the Queen. Your partner may hold the Jack guarded.

. . . . . .

Then comes the position when Jack is led by the Declarer. In Dummy are K, 10, 9, 5, 3. Here you must not put up Ace on Jack led. It is almost certain Declarer will run the Jack and your partner will make the Queen, leaving you still with the Ace to come in. It is true that if your partner has three to the Queen he will still make her even if you put up Ace on Jack led. But if he has Queen and one other or Queen bare, he will not. And in any case it will probably suit you better to let your partner get in with the Queen. This applies, of course, to no-trumps. In a suit declaration it often pays to put up Ace at once on Jack led by Declarer. A Jack is frequently led as a false card by Declarer when he holds K, Q, J and wishes to have a couple of rounds of trumps. If he leads the King he knows the Ace will go up first round. But if he leads the Jack it may not do so, as the holder of the Ace may think his partner holds King or Queen.

. . . . . .

Against a no-trumper the holding up of a King is often quite as useful as the holding up of an Ace. Take this position. Two rounds of Hearts have been played. The first is taken by B with the King. Z's Jack falls on it, and B returns the suit, Z getting in with the Queen of Hearts. The cards now lie eleven in each hand, as follows:

S—A, J, 10, 9, 3.
H—A, 10.
D—9, 7.
C—9, 5.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| S—8, 7.<br>H—9, 8, 7.<br>D—Q, 5, 4.<br>C—K, 7, 2. | Y<br>A B<br>Z | S—K, 6, 4, 2.<br>H—None.<br>D—J, 6, 3.<br>C—Q, J, 10, 3. |

S—Q, 5.
H—None.
D—A, K, 10, 8, 2.
C—A, 8, 6, 4.

Z leads the Queen of Spades and runs it. If B puts up the King on first round, Z goes game. But if B holds up the King, and Z finesses on second round (placing the King with A), B then puts up his King, leads a Club, and Z can't go game. This is a hand from play, and it is interesting because it illustrates two points of play.

. . . . . .

Seeing all the cards, you may say that B could have saved the game in any case by, at trick two, leading a Club, instead of returning his partner's lead of Hearts. But you must remember that B knew when Z's Jack of Hearts fell on King on first round, that Z could have only one more Heart, and he was out to kill Dummy. Z could still have gone game if he had not finessed on second round of Spades. To run the Queen was safe, but on second round he should have put up Ace of Spades, played his two winning Hearts, and led Diamonds and finessed the ten. A would then have made a Diamond and a Heart, and whatever he led then Z would have made game with two tricks in Spades, three in Hearts, four in Diamonds and one in Clubs.

. . . . . .

A correspondent in Nigeria writes: "We are all devoted to Bridge as we are to THE BYSTANDER here. Besides the eighteen days' sea voyage to Lagos it has to cross some 700 miles by rail and motor to this remote outpost of Empire. Why not give us a competition that we can enter?"

I shall ask the Editor later to consider this suggestion, as it is evident from our post bag that there are lots of enthusiastic BYSTANDER Bridge-ites abroad.

. . . . . .

Will correspondents kindly note that while I am always delighted to hear from them I cannot undertake to reply by post. Queries of general interest will be answered in these columns.

BY GEORGE DIXON

A QUEER ANGLE

CONVIVIAL FISHERMAN: "Lock! . . . he's losht his bait!"

## Bystander Four Weeks' Competition.—No. IV.

**Problem No. III. (Third Week.)**

*Remarkable bidding hand.*—Score: Game all. Z deals, and bids "One no-trumps"; A and Y "No bid"; B "Two no-trumps"; Z "Three no-trumps"; A and Y "No bid"; B "Double." All pass.

Z makes "Three no-trumps." B could also have made three no-trumps. Construct a hand on which such a state of affairs is possible, allowing for the correct conventional opening lead and placing in Dummy's hand no cards of value.

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SEA—WEED

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

# FEMINA

## THE TENTH ART

By "CANDIDA"

*[Photograph]* GOOD GROUND WORK *[Sasha*

**Miss Cathleen Nesbitt (left) and Miss Auriol Lee in a bedroom "scene"—not exactly an ethereal feature of "The Dream Kiss," the new farce recently "tried out" in the suburbs. The author, Lord Kilmarnock, tried as unsuccessfully as he possibly could, to hide his identity under the *nom de plume* of Joshua Jordan**

WHILE we're enjoying the salt sea breezes (see prospectus of any hole-and-corner with a hotel or two, a bathing-hut and a pier) they're very busy in Paris over their winter frocks. I've received no less than three invitations in magnificent gold lettering to "view the new winter collection" of gentlemen famous on two continents, or let's say three—the Far East is so progressive nowadays. The dress designer people have already done their worst—best, I mean—while we are merely enjoying ourselves and wasting time. For they don't waste time in Paris, ever.

PERHAPS it's rather late in the day to harp on the patriotic note; a little old-fashioned, a trifle provincial even. It's not done, you know, to keep on insisting that there are things which we would do as well over here (if we tried) as they do them over there. Dress-designing, for instance. Never let it be said—but, after all, why not say it?

LONG have I pondered over the subject. What woman wouldn't? Can anything be done by us over here with the designing of clothes? Created in Paris, there's no end to the supposed *chic* of them, and to the prices they command. Is it really French talent, or just prestige and inertia on our part, that invariably makes them go down, has always made them go down? Does anyone of us ever approach a French model in a spirit of criticism, still less of emulation? Never. We accept; the name on the label is enough—a name to conjure with.

BUT it's dawned on me lately that conjuring can be acquired with practice. Our England's full of youthful talent; why shouldn't some of it be turned to something really useful like dress designing? Plenty of promising young things produce endless pottery and furniture and all sorts of would-be decorative stuff which the public doesn't want particularly, and hardly ever buys. Why shouldn't all this fresh enthusiasm produce clothes, which the public does want and would buy gladly, instead of wasting itself "artily" for "artiness'" sake, just because it and its teachers consider it the sound and respectable thing to do? It simply hasn't had the imagination to see, or the courage to try, the connection between chiffons and art.

WHY hasn't it, I ask, at a time when all the trades and professions are so overcrowded that there's no room anywhere excepting, of course, at the top? Because, I expect, this is such a new thing in careers—new, that is, for our young women whose one idea is to be the first woman stockbroker, or engineer, or auctioneer, or the first woman anything-you-please, even if it isn't a paying job.

BUT some of our young men have tried to rush in all right. I've read about baby men-milliners of nineteen, straight from the plough, whose bows and things have electrified Bond Street. A little interviewing and photographing works miracles at first, but afterwards, when the newness has worn off with the limelight, and the papers have gone elsewhere for copy, do these prodigies just fizzle out and return to the plough? And the others, those exquisites in the Oxford manner, whose ideas in clothes match in improbability the *vers libres* which they write in their spare moments, what becomes of them? They don't often survive their first season. Or the disillusioned foreign princes, who have been famous and rich, and now desire to be only rich, and see in dress designing the best and safest short cut to millions?

*Photograph* *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS GLADYS ROSS

**Who is playing in the Midnight Follies at Ostend. Miss Ross, who is the daughter of the late Admiral Sir John Ross, formerly appeared in "Stop Flirting"**

THE idea is that when a man stoops to a woman's job he does it better than the cleverest of her sex. For instance, all women are supposed to be cooks by the grace of God (which, of course, they aren't), but it takes a man to be a *chef* and an artist, and to command (it's the only word to use) a salary that runs into three figures. We've all heard of the great Brillat-Savarin who "created" puddings and wrote platitudes about men, dinners, and nations; and of Condé, who did wonders for rice; and of Soubise, who's supposed to have turned onions into a poem. But of the women-cooks, who, presumably, invented the rest of the cookery-book—not a word. Fame doesn't bother about them. It's an ungrateful world.

DRESS designing is a live art, and you acquire it in the usual way. A few ideas, much courage, a little taste, some backing and capital (your own or someone else's), it doesn't sound so very difficult. Why leave it all to Paris enterprise? Is it because it's always loomed so large on the clothes horizon that there's simply no room for anyone, or anything else? That, obviously, is what it would have us believe. The idea is that we shall not examine its exclusive claim to merit, but just accept it, as we always have accepted it. It's what we credit it with that matters. The very atmosphere of Paris is paralysing to British effort. And when such effort does achieve anything original it always hides under a French name—to inspire confidence, it says.

AND now, having talked myself into the firm conviction that dress designing is the coming art for British talent. I'm entitled, I think, to go and see what the three gentlemen famous on two continents have produced for our benefit this autumn. Seeing doesn't tie you to anything, does it? Besides, it helps to produce that open mind I'm always talking about.

# WORKING DOGS & HOLIDAY HUMANS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

MORE especially in the North Country, holiday-makers should keep a sharp look-out for local Sheepdog Trials, from to-day on to October. (We have one in the South to-morrow, Thursday, by the way, at Deal.) If there's any more intensely interesting outdoor spectacle in the field of sport, I've yet to learn about it. These trials show you the working Dog in his element; and what a worker, what a sportsman, what a *pucca sahib* he is! No Dogs on earth can approach the British native breeds in this.

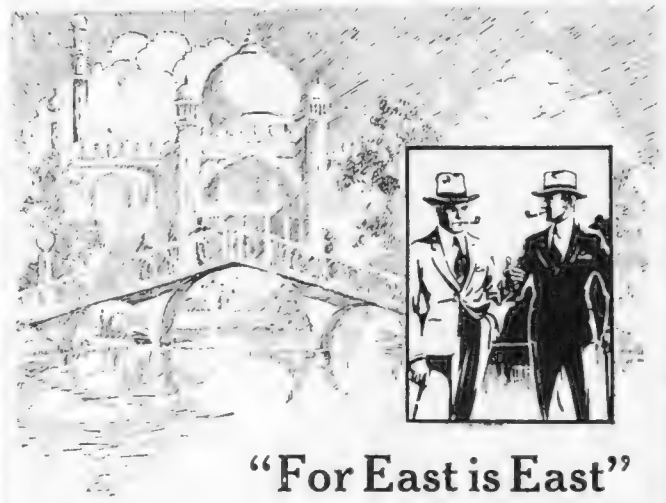
Up-river folk should concentrate on Wallingford to-day, for its Dog Show; and on Friday and Saturday "Alsatianists" must make Birmingham their Mecca, for the Alsatian League of Great Britain's first annual provincial Show.

The "Old Bystander" who writes: "I know all about that invaluable Manchester production, *Our Dogs*, and have done for donkey's years: but isn't it time we had a doggy journal of our own down south?" is just a bit behind the times and out of the picture. The Kennelman's reply is simply: Have a look at the Summer Number of *The Dog World* (vol. 38, No. 1172, published 54, Fetter Lane), and note specially the interesting announcement on page 863, as to coming permanent enlargement—already a *fait accompli*. This bright weekly organ of the canine community and its human ministers entirely deserves its rapidly growing popularity of the past few years.

A breeder and exhibitor of international repute writes Kennelman "that important Dog Shows will be staged in Switzerland and Germany during September, and that travelling English Dog-lovers should keep an eye open for these." He adds, "Our railway companies' new concessions in the matter of charges for Dogs travelling to and from Shows are welcome; but I wish they could be supplemented by hard and fast regulations in the matter of travelling boxes and hampers. Suffering, loss, and the cruelty arising out of carelessness or meanness, will not be eliminated until definite rules are laid down and enforced, and carriage refused for boxes, etc., not up to standard."

Well knowing that the canine veterinary profession as a whole is solidly behind him in his insistence on the Dog's essentially carnivorous nature and requirements, the Kennelman was surprised to be criticised on the point by a "Veterinary Practitioner," who accuses him of forgetting that, "on grounds of economy alone, the requisite bulk will always be made up with farinaceous foods." Of course, it will, and ought to be; even apart from economic grounds. Really good Dog biscuit is an invaluable part of the ideal dietary—but, if you please, on something like the fifty-fifty proportion basis; the other fifty being lean flesh, raw or near-raw, cut thin, or minced. Then the biscuity foods, by all manner of means; dry, hard—invaluable.

When Wembleying, make a beeline for the Palace of Industry, Food Section, Stand P.P. 639, and talk to Spiller's experts of these vital matters; especially Puppy Food. Theory, research, practical experience—they can give you the ripe fruits of them all; and their admirable "Saval" has to my knowledge "saved all" the pups of some very valuable litters.

"For East is East"

Over a pipe of GOLD BLOCK, East meets West on a common footing. Wherever the Empire holds its sway, this deliciously cool, sweet-smoking tobacco is helping to strengthen the bonds which hold together Sons of the Motherland.

*Of all Tobacconists and Stores.*

1-oz. Packet - 1/3½
2-oz. Packet - 2/7
¼-lb. Tin - - 5/2

GOLD BLOCK
CUT PLUG

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The Bag & Its Contents!

Go to your Dealer and ask for a bag of "Saval." Give it to your puppy and then stop worrying about its welfare!

"Saval" takes all the worry and anxiety out of puppy rearing . . . that is good and sufficient reason for giving it a trial.

**Saval No. 1** for puppies from weaning.
**Saval No. 2** for puppies three months old and upwards.

*Samples from*

SPILLERS
VICTORIA FOODS LTD.
3, Copthall Buildings, E.C.2.

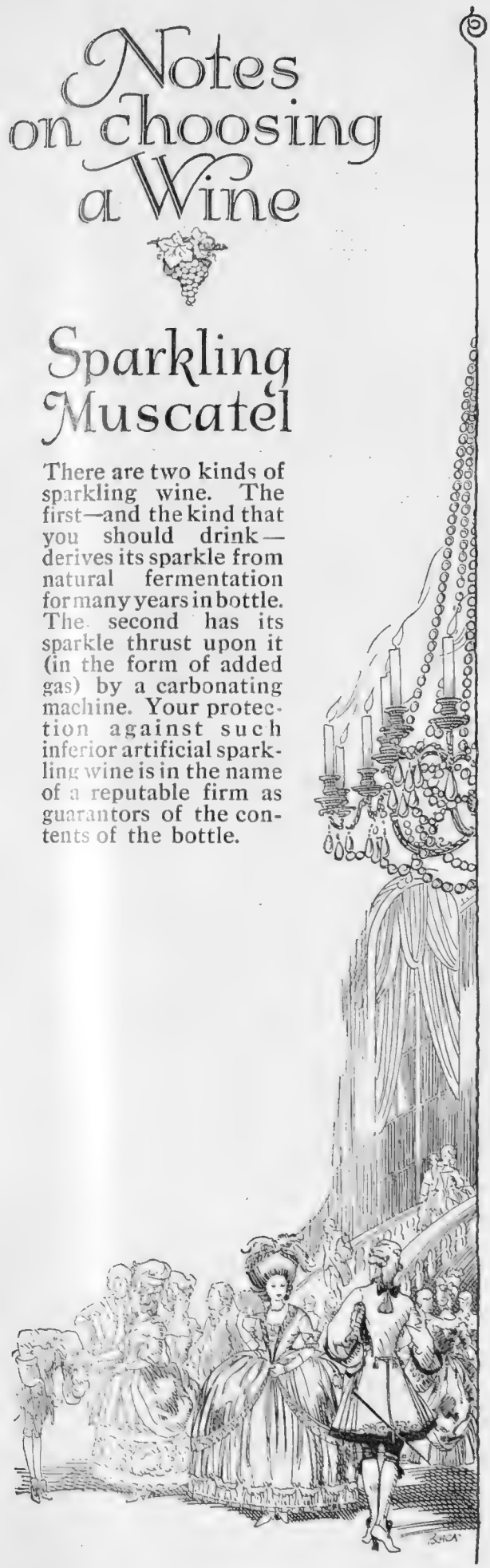
Young's
MOUNTAIN DEW
Scotch Whisky

*A very choice old Scotch Whisky.*
EDWARD YOUNG & Co., Ltd.
GLASGOW: 9 Waterloo St. LIVERPOOL: Seel Street. LONDON: Head Export Office 62, Mark Lane.
Glenugie Distillery, Peterhead, Scotland.

# Notes on choosing a Wine

## Sparkling Muscatel

There are two kinds of sparkling wine. The first—and the kind that you should drink—derives its sparkle from natural fermentation for many years in bottle. The second has its sparkle thrust upon it (in the form of added gas) by a carbonating machine. Your protection against such inferior artificial sparkling wine is in the name of a reputable firm as guarantors of the contents of the bottle.



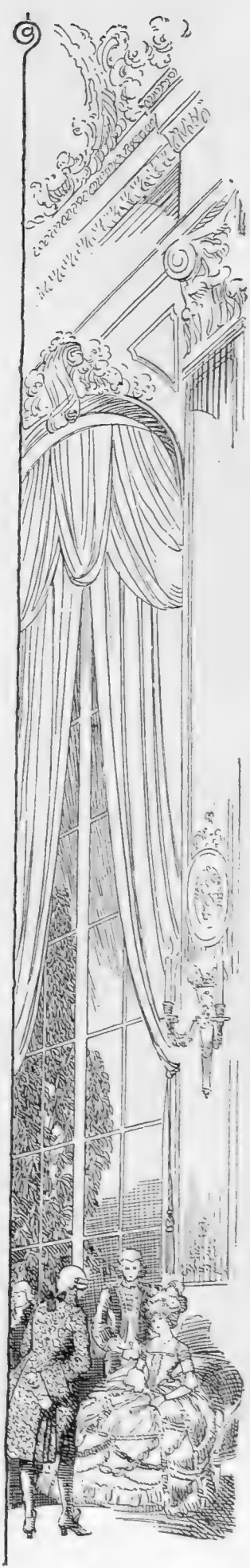
"Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel is a fine wine, with a sparkle that only slow, natural fermentation in bottle can give. Grierson's select the wine from choice French growths and have it maturing under their care for years before shipping it to this country.

In Hotel or Restaurant, or from your Wine Merchant—wherever you order "Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel, it carries Grierson's guarantee to be the pure juice of the grape, always of uniform excellence.

Big Tree
SPARKLING MUSCATEL

You are invited to judge "Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel without obligation. Write "Sparkling Muscatel" on your visiting card and post to the address below. A half-bottle will be sent you with Grierson's compliments.

GRIERSON, OLDHAM & Co., Ltd.
25, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.



# MOTOR NOTES

**SAFETY FIRST**

**Pedestrians and motorists are in no likehood of coming into collision if the former keep to the raised pathway seen above. The photo was taken in the quaint old village of Abbotsbury, and shows in the foreground a British-built Overland de Luxe 5/6 seater touring model**

A DANISH-GERMAN speed and endurance test over a total distance of 1,700 miles to be covered in three days, has recently been held with conspicuous success, according to my friend D'Arcy R. Baker and the competitors. Some distance and some speeds! I am not at all surprised that out of all the machines running in the "up to 2,000 c.c." class, the only car to finish was my favourite 10-15 h.p. Fiat, driven by Hedegaard Schou, all the others having "bust up." I have done some hustling on this small Fiat myself at times, but this Danish driver covered the whole journey in 49 hours 20 minutes, equal to an average of more than 34 miles an hour, and besides winning its class it actually finished second irrespective of classes in the trial behind a 3,000 c.c. F.N. driven by Ramussen, a very well-known racing driver. An Essex finished second in the 3,000 c.c. class, and for machines larger than 3 litres, a Willys-Knight won in 49 hours 25 minutes, with a Hudson second in 57 hours 30 minutes; so Europe fairly put it over the U.S.A., and all these five cars are to be congratulated on such an excellent showing over the route. This started from Copenhagen to Kiel, then through Hamburg, Hanover, Magdeburg to Berlin. From the German capital the competitors went southwards to Liepzig, Dresden, Breslau and Frankfort back to Kiel and Copenhagen. Now the price has been so considerably reduced, the sale of Fiat cars in England will no doubt increase, as £340 for a nice four-seater of such proved speed, silence, and reliability makes this model the best bargain in 1,500 c.c. cars.

* * *

THAT ever-working publicity merchant of B.P. products, has issued an attractive folder, illustrating and briefly describing the various stages in the production of B.P. petrol, from the time the crude oil leaves the wells in Persia until the spirit is finally delivered to the motorist. The pen and ink sketches of the tanker, refinery, washing and filling the cans, convey just that impression of the long way it comes and the many processes it undergoes that makes a user wonder why it is as cheap as it is. Of course, I like to know all about B.P., and anyone who wants a copy of this folder can have it gratis by sending a post-card to the firm at 22, Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3. But I wish their chief chemist would let me into the secret of what is this special dope that his myrmidons dole out in the best hush! hush! manner at hill climbs and Brooklands?

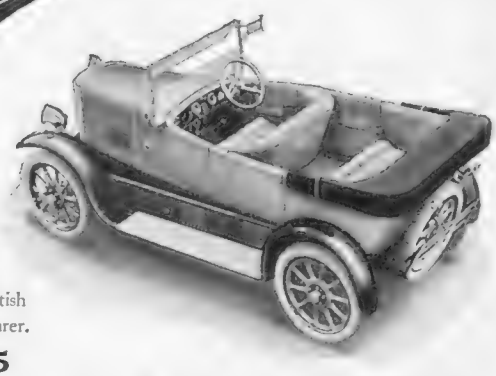
* * *

DAIMLERS have always been the official carriages for our Kings since the late King Edward VII purchased his first Daimler in 1900. King George has recently bought two 57 h.p. Daimler limousines and two 57 h.p. Daimler chassis from Stratton-Instone, Ltd., the London Daimler representatives, and Messrs. Hooper have fitted all four chassis with their excellent coach-work. The limousine carriages are an example of what is required in graceful yet dignified lines, lofty—to be exact, 6 inches higher than the usual limousine interior—real comfort of ingress and egress is given to their users. The other two chassis are fitted as shooting brakes, and can be used

*(Continued on page 470)*


THE BRITISH

Overland



5-Seater British De Luxe Tourer.

**£285**

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION. Exhibit Nos 47 & 48 Motor & Cycle Section Palace of Engineering

*Special Overland Policy for Insurance at Reduced Rates.*

NEW REDUCED PRICES

| | |
|---|---|
| 5-Seater De Luxe Tourer | £285 |
| 2/3 Seater De Luxe with double dickey | £275 |
| Three-quarter Landaulette, Bedford Cord or Leather Upholstery | £415 |
| Beatonson All-Weather | £385 |
| Standard 5-Seater Tourer | £210 |
| 5-Seater Four-door Sedan | £325 |

*MAGNETO IGNITION STANDARD ON ALL MODELS.*

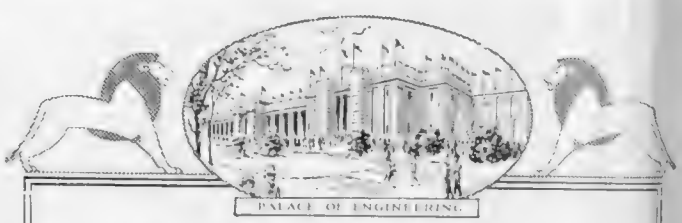
*ALL PRICES EX-WORKS, MANCHESTER.*

*Write for Brochure "D."*

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.

*London Showrooms: 15113, Great Portland Street, W.1.*
*London Service Depot: 111, Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.*
*Factory & Sales Dept.: Heaton Chapel, Manchester.*

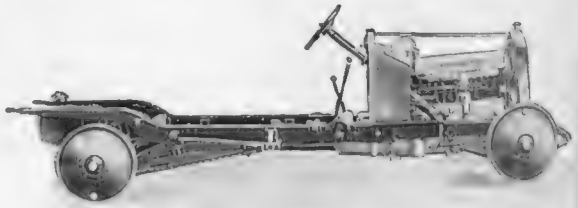





WEMBLEY

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., Ltd. are exhibiting in the Palace of Engineering, Motor Section, one of the new 21 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester Chassis, described by the best known authorities as being one of the finest examples of Automobile Engineering in the World. Ask for particulars.

STAND 63



*Catalogues on application.*

LANCHESTER

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 88, Deansgate, Manchester. 95, New Bond Street, London, W.

# The Premier Flying Event of the Year

***The Round Britain Race (August 12)***

for the

# King's Cup

won

by Mr. A. J. Cobham flying a de Havilland 50 machine with Siddeley "Puma" engine

on

# "BP"

***The British Petrol***

That Mr. Cobham should have selected "BP" for this thousand mile flight in which success depended above all on speed and reliability, affords further striking proof of "BP" superiority.

Follow the lead of the successful flying and racing men of the day—run only on "BP" and ensure maximum satisfaction thereby.

**British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2**

Distributing Organization of the

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

## MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

for luggage as well. The limousines replace the previous two Daimlers that were bought in 1910. As these latter have been in constant use since that date, and have travelled a very great mileage, it is a testimony to the sterling qualities of the Daimler design that such a long time has elapsed before replacing these old carriages by the new Daimlers.

* * *

I HAVE been testing a 14 h.p. car on various oils in the engine sump lately, and have found that with Sternol I could average a speed of 33 miles an hour on a 100 miles journey, while the consumption worked out at one quart of oil per 1,000 miles. I do not name the car, as it has got to have other lubricants tried on it, so I may get a better performance, though I very much doubt it. So far Sternol oil is the best for economy and speed on this engine, but you must get the right brand for the particular make of engine, as the viscosity that suits one engine is no good on another.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN motorist asked me recently if I did not think two-day week-end trials would be a success, since such a large body of car-owners could only use their vehicles on Saturday and Sunday. These drivers and owners wished to participate in 20 miles an hour reliability runs, and generally enter into the social spirit of such club events, but could not get away from their offices and businesses until after midday on the Saturday, so could not manage to compete in the usual one-day trials of this character, which, as a rule, started early on Saturday morning. No doubt, some clubs, like the Surbiton Motor Club, will do this, as its members are mostly private owners, and not trade drivers. Also it wants clubs that have no restrictions as to the size of the engines of the cars to organise such affairs, as, though the majority of such owners may have small cars like Morris-Cowleys, on a two-day trial, such as is proposed, quite a number of big car owners might wish to run their "buses." Holiday times are already catered for by the M.C.C., and by the Surbiton August run, from Surbiton to Barnstaple. This was an invitation affair, and the Essex Motor Club, Epsom and District Motor Club, Brighton and Hove Motor Club, and the Wallington Motor Club were, with the members of the promoting Club, all taking part in this trial, first inaugurated last year

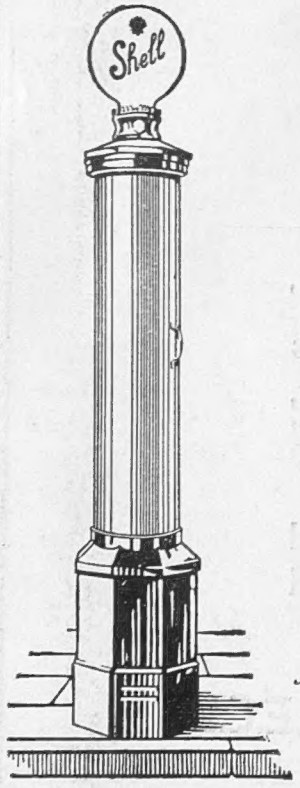
**BESIDE THE MILL**

**A Talbot 8/18 Chummy model at one of the few old windmills in Norfolk which still carries on its labours in the ancient manner**

* * *

WITH the idea of pleasing the ladies and catering for the likes of the masculine owner, the Curtis Automobile Co., Ltd., have cleverly conceived the idea of constructing a torpedo body with a detachable saloon head for their 14-60 h.p. "Lamba" Lancia cars. It is a bright scheme, as for an extra £150 for the "head" one gets two cars for the price of a saloon, and so can use the torpedo in the daytime, and, fitted with the "head," the saloon at night or in the cold and wet weather, as its owner wills. With front-wheel brakes, a fine turn of speed and economical running costs, this 13.9 h.p.-rated Lancia car is becoming quite a popular dual carriage among those who can afford its present reasonable price. The detachable top is, of course, no novelty, but it is how this is designed and the ease with which it can be placed in position or removed that is the newness of this "double" car. OLD HY.


THE
SHELL
PUMP
is an
entirely
British
product




*Officially certified measure. Visible filling and discharge. Quick action — 10 gallons a minute.*

SHELL-MEX, LTD., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

IF YOU WISH
YOUR CAR TO LOOK ALWAYS NEW
USE
BROMHEAD'S CAR POLISH
SUPREMELY RECTIFIED
1/6 and 2/9 per tin of all principal garages.
BEST—*AND BRITISH.*

*IF YOU ONCE SMOKE A RUTTER'S No 4. LIKE OLIVER TWIST. "YOU'LL ASK FOR MORE".*

RUTTER'S
No 4
Cigarettes
HAND MADE

Sold in Boxes of 100-8/-, 50-4/-, 25-2/-
& 10 for 10d. By Weight 1/6½ per 0z.

I. RUTTER & Co., MITCHAM
ESTABLISHED 1767

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

*Doggett's Coat and Badge.*

Founded by Thomas Doggett, an actor, in 1715, in honour of King George I's accession. The prize consisted of a red coat with a large silver badge on the arm, and was competed for by Thames Watermen who had completed their apprenticeship within the 12 months prior to the race. The race took place on August 1st and the course was from London Bridge to Chelsea. The race is still rowed annually under modified conditions, and a list of the winners has been kept since 1791.

It's a wise old custom to

*take a peg of*

*John Begg!*

*By Appointment since 1848.*

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

# ROWE
## OF BOND STREET

The new Young Men's tailors' shop on the second floor provides just that touch of aloofness and detachment from the young people that older boys appreciate.

More elbow room, too.

Here, the garments approximate to those sold by men's tailors and shirtmakers . . . with subtle adaptations to more youthful figure and taste, and a considerable price advantage.

Boys of Upper Forms are expressly catered for.

"THE SCHOOL AGE"
Post Free on request.

WM ROWE & CO LTD
105-106, NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.
AND AT GOSPORT

C.F.R.

## Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water comes from the world-famous Célestins Spring. It is bottled at the Source, under State Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

*The French Natural Mineral Water*

**VICHY-CÉLESTINS**

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT

*After a Happy day, —a Happy Night*

Where there's a Night Light there's restful slumber, for darkness suggests mysteries disturbing to the childish mind. Dispel the gloom, the apprehension and the restlessness by providing your little ones with the nightly companionship of

# PRICE'S
## NIGHT LIGHTS